DEADPOOL® MAX

SECOND CUT

MARVEL MAX® COMICS

EXPLICIT CONTENT

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DEADPOOL
MAX
SECOND CUT

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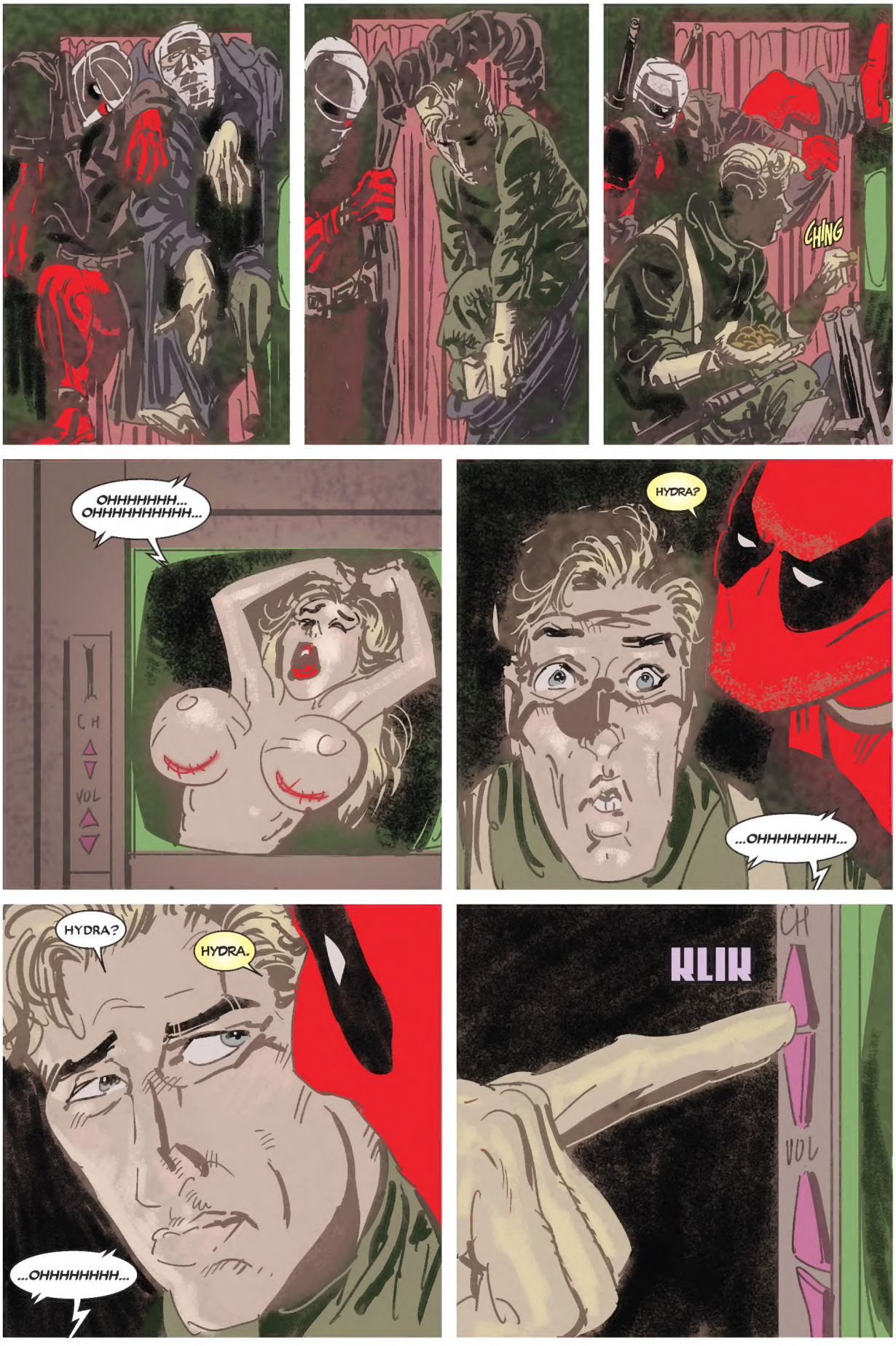
#1
WANTED
DEADPOOL
38008 7353
HYDRA, BOB
707 707
KYLE BAKER

ATLANTA, GEORGIA...
MY ASSOCIATE BOB AND MYSELF HAD BEEN SIX WEEKS ON THE TRAIL OF A SUPER-SECRET TERRORIST OUTFIT.
A GROUP OF SCUM-SUCKING BASTARDS SO EVIL, THEIR NAME CAN ONLY BE SPOKEN IN WHISPERS.
SEX
XXX
EXCUSE ME?
HYDRA.
HYDRA?
HYDRA.
HMM?
HYYYYDRAHHHH...
I FUCKING QUIT.


CHING
OHHHHHHH...
OHHHHHHHHHH...
CH
VOL
HYDRA?
...OHHHHHHHH...
HYDRA?
HYDRA.
...OHHHHHHHH...
KLIK
CH
VOL

THAT'S A GOOD BOY.
THAT'S A GOOOOOOOD BOY.
THAT'S A REALLY, REALLY, REALLY GOOD BOY!
KLIK
THAT... UNNN...ALL YOU GOT...
...BITCHES!
HYDRA.
HYDRA.
I'VE SEEN BIGGER AT THE ZOO.
HYDRA.
I'VE HAD MORE GIRTH AT A PET SHOP IN DES MOINES.
HYDRA?
I'VE HAD MORE-- OH!

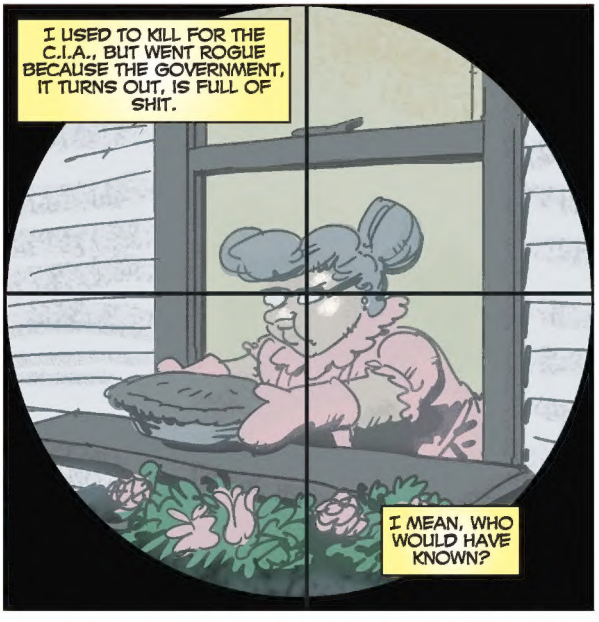
HYDRA!
OH, OKAY, BABY, GIVE IT TO ME.
SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT.
HNN?
THAT'S IT?!
THAT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT?

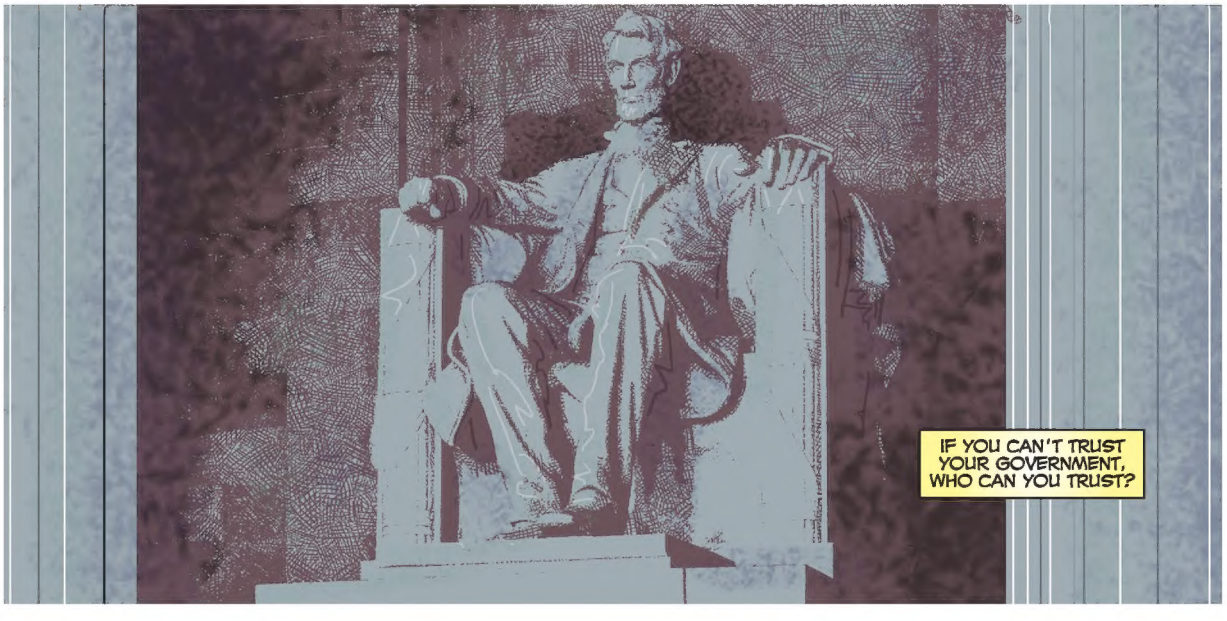
THAT'S PATHETIC.
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HY--
GUHHH!
I HAVE TO SAY, BOYS, THAT WAS A TOTAL DISAPPOINTMENT.
SO THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS WE GOT TO HYDRA'S SECRET MEETING HOUSE TOO LATE.
FUCKING HYDRA.
THAT'S BOB. OR HYDRA BOB, AS HE USED TO BE KNOWN.
BOB USED TO BE HEAD HONCHO FOR THESE GUYS BEFORE I REFORMED HIM.
NOW, LIKE THOSE EX-SMOKERS WHO BECOME ANTI-SMOKING ASSHOLES, BOB WAS AN ANTI-HYDRA ASSHOLE.
WHERE'S HYDRA'S NEXT TARGET, SHITBRAIN?!
BOB, BOB, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS.
A LIKELY STORY.

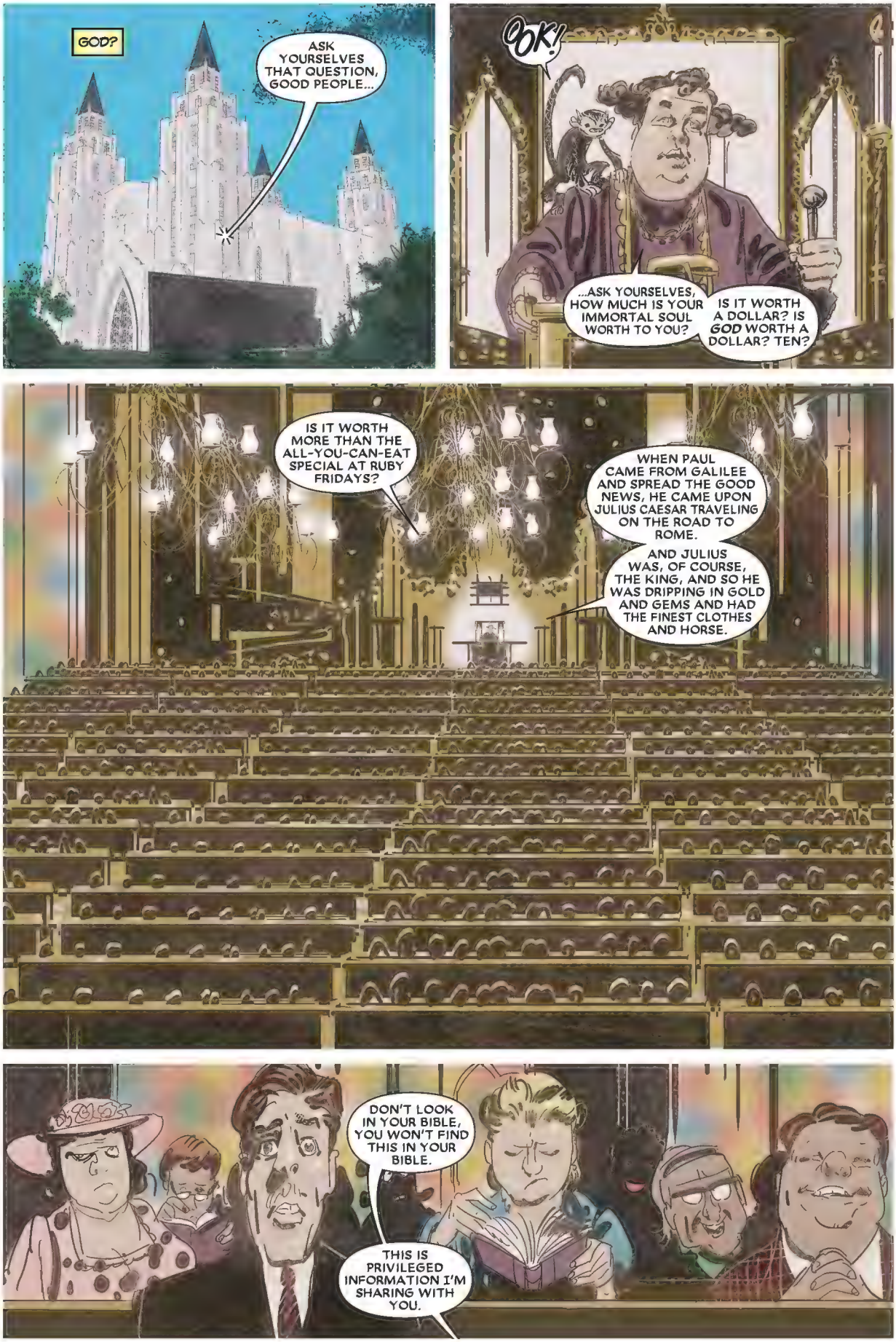
FEDS STILL BELIEVE HE'S RUNNING THE SHOW.
WANTED
$10,000,000 REWARD
FOR INFORMATION LEADING
TO THE CAPTURE OF
HYDRA BOB
AND THAT HE'S A MASS MURDERER, BUT MORE ON THAT IN A MINUTE.

OHHH...
SPLOSH!

ALL RIGHT, HYDRA MONKEY. SPIT THE SHAVINGS OR PREPARE FOR A FESTIVAL OF STEAKS AND CHOPS.
UHH...
MY NAME IS DEADPOOL.
WELL, IT'S REALLY WADE. BUT THOSE THAT KNOW ME BEST CALL ME WADE.
EVERYONE ELSE CALLS ME DEADPOOL.


I USED TO KILL FOR THE C.I.A., BUT WENT ROGUE BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT, IT TURNS OUT, IS FULL OF SHIT.
I MEAN, WHO WOULD HAVE KNOWN?


IF YOU CAN'T TRUST YOUR GOVERNMENT, WHO CAN YOU TRUST?


GOD?
ASK YOURSELVES THAT QUESTION, GOOD PEOPLE...
OK!
...ASK YOURSELVES, HOW MUCH IS YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL WORTH TO YOU?
IS IT WORTH A DOLLAR? IS *GOD* WORTH A DOLLAR? TEN?
IS IT WORTH MORE THAN THE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT SPECIAL AT RUBY FRIDAYS?
WHEN PAUL CAME FROM GALILEE AND SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS, HE CAME UPON JULIUS CAESAR TRAVELING ON THE ROAD TO ROME.
AND JULIUS WAS, OF COURSE, THE KING, AND SO HE WAS DRIPPING IN GOLD AND GEMS AND HAD THE FINEST CLOTHES AND HORSE.
DON'T LOOK IN YOUR BIBLE, YOU WON'T FIND THIS IN YOUR BIBLE.
THIS IS PRIVILEGED INFORMATION I'M SHARING WITH YOU.

AND PAUL SAID TO JULIUS, HE SAID, YOU, SIR, WHY ARE YOU ADORNING YOURSELF IN WEALTH WHILE SO MANY STARVE AND SUFFER?
AND JULIUS SNEERED AT PAUL AND SAID, BECAUSE I AM KING AND LORD OF ALL YOU SEE.

AHH, SAID PAUL, RENDER UNTO CAESAR WHAT IS CAESAR'S, BUT GOD IS KING OF ALL THAT IS UNSEEN...
...INCLUDING THE EVERLASTING LIFE OF THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

WHICH IS MEASURED--
WHICH IS MEASURED--BY THE GOOD A MAN DOES TO HIS FELLOW MAN ACCORDING TO HIS MEANS.

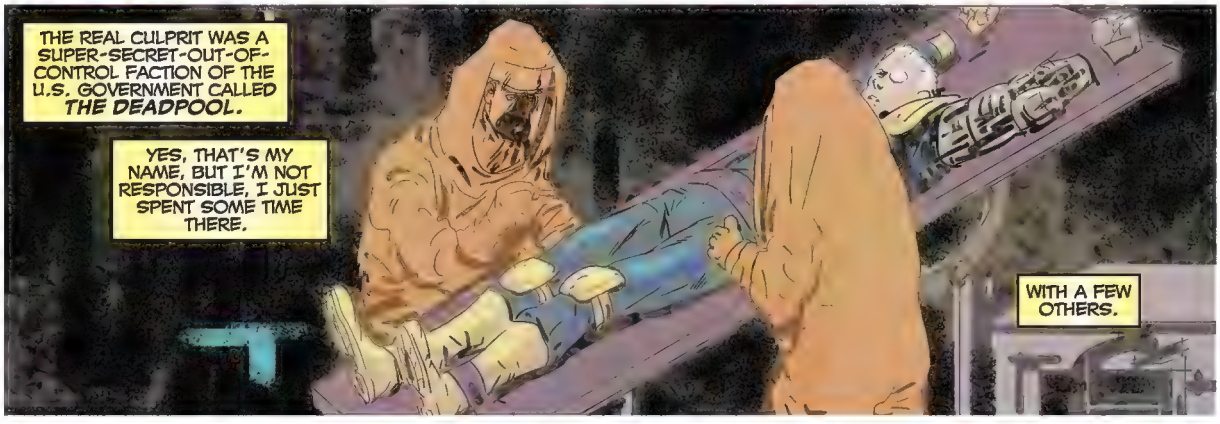
AND SO A HEAVY BURDEN WAS ON CAESAR. AND HE WEPT, AND STRIPPED HIMSELF BARE, AND GAVE ALL HIS POSSESSIONS TO PAUL--

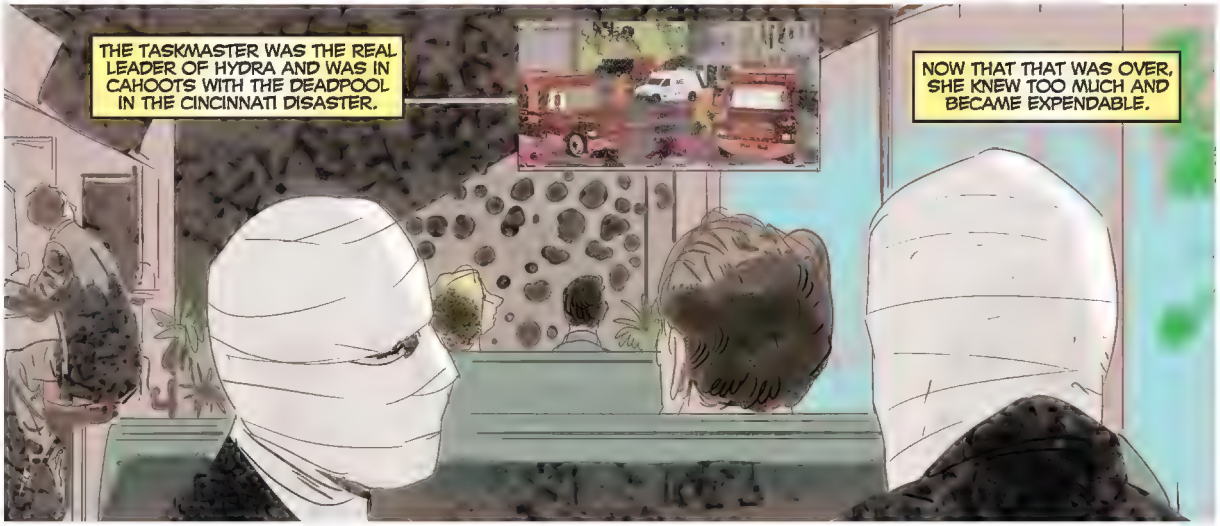
--WHO USED THIS WEALTH TO FOUND THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AND BRING CHRISTIANITY TO THE WORLD.

AND JUST A FEW WEEKS LATER, CAESAR WAS STABBED TO DEATH IN THE SENATE.
HOW LUCKY WAS HE TO HAVE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO DIVERGE HIMSELF FROM THE ROAD TO HELL.
OK!

WE CAN NEVER KNOW WHEN THE END WILL COME, ESPECIALLY IN THESE TERRORIST-LADEN TIMES.
WE MUST LIVE EACH OPPORTUNITY AS OUR LAST.
VERY GENEROUS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT YOU'RE ALL GOING TO HEAVEN.
THE BAD NEWS IS IT MAY BE SOONER THAN YOU WERE PLANNING.
THE LADY THERE CALLS HERSELF *THE TASKMASTER.*
SHE TOOK OVER HYDRA AFTER BOB LEFT.
HER REAL NAME IS NOT HENRIETTA SHNOTZ, BUT NO ONE STILL LIVING KNOWS HER REAL NAME, SO WE ALL ASSUMED IT WAS SOMETHING AWFUL LIKE HENRIETTA SHNOTZ.
OR MAYBE MILDRED PEEWANKLE.
ANYWAY, NOW THAT I'VE INTRODUCED HER, I CAN GET TO WHAT ALL THE HUBBUB IS ABOUT...

SEE, THERE WAS THIS INCIDENT/TERRORIST/ CHEMICAL WEAPON ATTACK IN CINCINNATI.
LAST REPORT WAS ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY-TWO THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED TWENTY-SIX DEAD.
SORT OF A BIG NUMBER TO WRAP YOUR HEAD AROUND.
HYDRA TOOK THE BLAME, AND BY ASSOCIATION, BOB WAS KINDA SORTA DECLARED THE EVIL MASTERMIND.
WHICH IS KINDA FUNNY, IF YOU KNOW BOB.
AND IF THERE WEREN'T SO MANY DEAD BODIES.
EMS
FIRE DEPT


THE REAL CULPRIT WAS A SUPER-SECRET-OUT-OF-CONTROL FACTION OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT CALLED *THE DEADPOOL.*
YES, THAT'S MY NAME, BUT I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE, I JUST SPENT SOME TIME THERE.
WITH A FEW OTHERS.


THE TASKMASTER WAS THE REAL LEADER OF HYDRA AND WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE DEADPOOL IN THE CINCINNATI DISASTER.
NOW THAT THAT WAS OVER, SHE KNEW TOO MUCH AND BECAME EXPENDABLE.

TAKING THE CHURCH HOSTAGE WAS AN ACT OF LAST RESORT.
THREATENING EXPOSURE AND SPECTACLE IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET THEM TO BACK OFF OR GIVE HER A BACK DOOR OUT.

EVEN A MONKEY COULD TELL YOU THAT WASN'T GOING TO HAPPEN.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, MONKEY?
WHAT, WHO?
WELL, MAYBE NOT.

WHAT WE HAVE TO REMEMBER IN THESE DARK TIMES IS THAT GOD IS JUDGING US ON OUR COMMITMENT TO SUPPORT HIS CHURCH...
MONKEY!

OOK! OOK! OOK!
SERIOUSLY, WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?
SAVE THE MONKEY, SAVE THE WORLD!

ROCK AND ROLL HOOCHIE KOO!
SHHHHH!

I CARE ABOUT NATURE, BOB.
YEAH, WELL, I CARE ABOUT MY ASS.
I DON'T WANT IT IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR BECAUSE YOU HAVE A THING FOR MONKEYS.
RRRT-.

JESUS, WADE. IT'S BAD ENOUGH WE HAVE TO WEAR THESE BANDAGES AND WALK AROUND LIKE SOME GAY BURN VICTIM COUPLE.
WE REALLY DON'T NEED PEOPLE PRYING ANY FURTHER INTO OUR BUSINESS.
GAY MEANS HAPPY, BOB.
HAPPY PEOPLE EXALT.
YEAH, WELL, WHAT'S TO BE HAPPY ABOUT BEING THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD?
EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE WANTED, BOB.
POOR BOB.
YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING BIGGER THAN YOURSELF, BOB. AND WHAT'S BIGGER THAN MONKEYS?
SO HERE WE WERE. HEADED INTO THE DRAGON'S TEETH BECAUSE WE NEEDED THE TASKMASTER TO CLEAR BOB'S SEMI-GOOD NAME.
SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WITH A DIRECT LINK TO WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.
REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

WADE, PLEASE SHUT UP!
I'M NOT SURE THE ORIGINAL PLAN'S GOING TO WORK.
SEE? THEY'VE GOT THE MANHOLE COVERS EXPOSED. THEY'VE FIGURED ON THE SEWER ANGLE.
WE NEED TO GO BACK TO THE MOTEL AND REGROUP.
THE MONKEY IS ON THE LINE, BOB.
WADE? WADE, WHAT ARE YOU--
VRRRRRRRRRRRRR
SMASHH

IN THE HOLY NAME OF OUR LORD, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?
WELL, I'M ROBBING YOU, FOR ONE, AND TAKING YOU HOSTAGE, FOR SECOND.
WE'VE WIRED YOUR BUILDING WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND IF THINGS DON'T GO WELL, LIKE I'M PRETTY SURE THEY WON'T...
...THEN IT'S BOOM, BOOM, OFF TO MEET JULIUS CAESAR WHO, BY THE WAY, WAS DEAD BEFORE JESUS WAS BORN.
I'LL PRAY FOR YOU, HEATHEN WOMAN.
I TURN YOU ON, DON'T I?
DEVIL WOMAN!
DO YOU HAVE A STIFFY?
YOU DO.
BOSS!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
OO-OH.
NOT EVEN A GODDAMN NEGOTIATION CALL?
THOSE GUYS ARE HARDCORE.
READY THE EXPLOSIVES.

KRRRSHHH
HOLD THE HORSES!
HOLD THE MAYO! HOLD EVERYTHING!
SPARE THE MONKEY!
SPOIL THE CHILD!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, WADE!
POP POP POP
UKK--
KAHH!
OH, JESUS CHRIST.
THEM?

BLOW THE WORKS?
GAHHH!
NO, NO. JUST FORGET--
OH, NEVER MIND.
STAND DOWN, HYDRA!
THEY HAVEN'T HURT YOU, MONKEY, HAVE THEY?
SO, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE CAME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
OOK-OOK!
GREAT.
HOW?
DON'T ASK ME. I WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE MOTEL.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
UM...H-HIS NAME?
HIS NAME IS LAZARUS.

HOLY MOLY! WHAT A COINCIDENCE. THAT'S ALMOST LIKE MY NAME.
WH-WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
DEADPOOL.
HEY, BOB, YOU GOTTA WATCH THIS MONKEY MAKE THE MAN WITH THE FUNNY HAIR AND THE HARD-ON TALK!
BOB?
OH, JESUS, I KNOW HIM!
IT'S BOB! THE CINCINNATI BUTCHER!
GOOD PEOPLE. THE END IS NIGH!
BOSS! INCOMING!
ON YOUR KNEES! REPENT!
REPENT!

LORD, I AM SORRY FOR ALL THE SINS I HAVE COMMITTED!
ALL THE HOOKERS. THE HOOKERS AND THE COKE!
AND I HIRED THAT MAN IN '02, BUT I NEVER SPECIFICALLY TOLD HIM TO WHACK THAT UNDERAGED GIRL.
COME ON!
COME ON, MONKEY. BRING YOUR PUPPET.
I ONLY DID IT TO PRESERVE YOUR GOOD WORK HERE, LORD.
I'M SORRY FOR WEARING LADIES' UNDERTHINGS AND EATING VEAL, IN CASE EITHER OF THOSE ARE SINS.

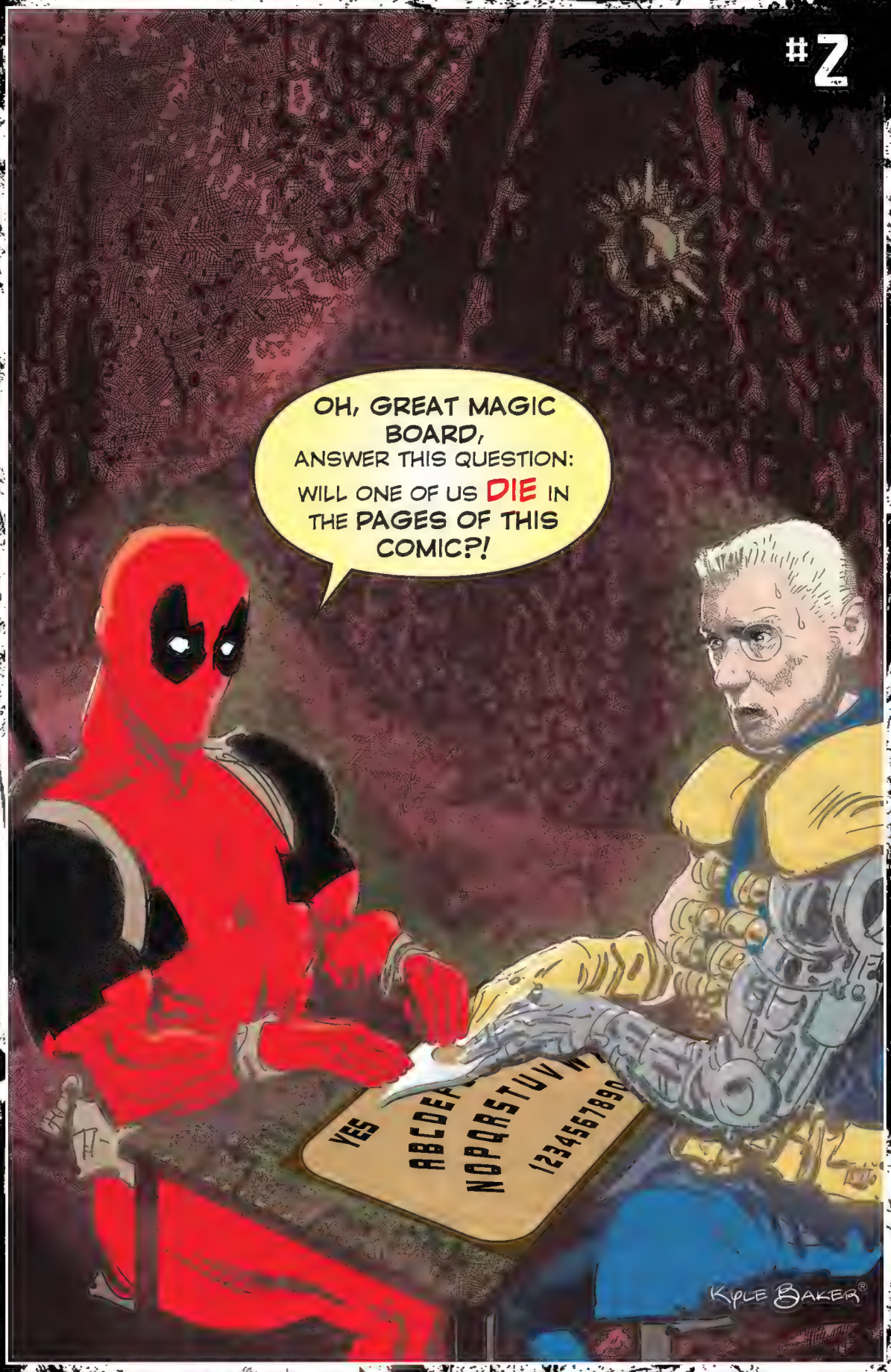
AAHK!
AND I'M VERY, VERY, VERY SORRY FOR IGNORING THE VIAGRA WARNING LABEL AND TAKING SIX PILLS.
I DID IT TO BE HOT STUFF AT THE ORGY--
--BUT IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW, AND MY PENIS HAS STARTED QUOTING SCRIPTURE TO ME.
LORD PLEASE SAVE ME!
KLIK
SO GUESS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LEAVE A BUTTON LYING AROUND WHERE ANY DEAD GUY CAN FALL ON IT?
NOTHING...UNLESS THAT BUTTON IS WIRED TO TWENTY-EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS OF C4.
FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE BOUGHT IT.
WORSE, THE MONKEY RAN OFF.
HE'S A SMART MONKEY THOUGH, AND I'M SURE HE'LL BE OKAY.
BUT WHO WILL MAKE THE REVEREND SPEAK?

WE DUMPED REVEREND MARS AT THE BATTERED WOMEN'S SHELTER WHERE THE NUNS COULD HELP HIM WITH HIS "PROBLEM," AND CAME BACK TO THE MOTEL.
LOOK, WE JUST NEED YOU TO TELL THE TRUTH.
MOTEL
HOURLY RATES
WINDOW SHADES
LIGHT JAZZ

WE'LL GET SOME REPORTERS IN. BLOW THE LID OFF THIS THING.
OH, GROW UP, JUNIOR.
YOU KNOW I'D BE DEAD BEFORE I TESTIFIED ANYWHERE, AND EVEN IF I DID, NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

IF YOU REALLY WANT SOME HARD EVIDENCE, GO AFTER THAT BIMBO OF YOURS AND HER BIG METAL BOY TOY.
COLLEEN AND CABLE?
WHO DO YOU THINK SOLD THEM THE LIQUID X?

NOW, UNLESS YOU BOYS WANNA GET IT ON, I SUGGEST YOU UNTIE ME.
WE CUT HER LOOSE.
THE GOVERNMENT WOULD JUST KILL HER, WE COULDN'T HOLD HER FOREVER...
...AND I THINK WE BOTH FELT MORE THAN ENOUGH SCREWED RIGHT ABOUT THEN.


#7
OH, GREAT MAGIC BOARD, ANSWER THIS QUESTION: WILL ONE OF US DIE IN THE PAGES OF THIS COMIC?!
YES
NOPQRSTUV
KYLE BAKER®

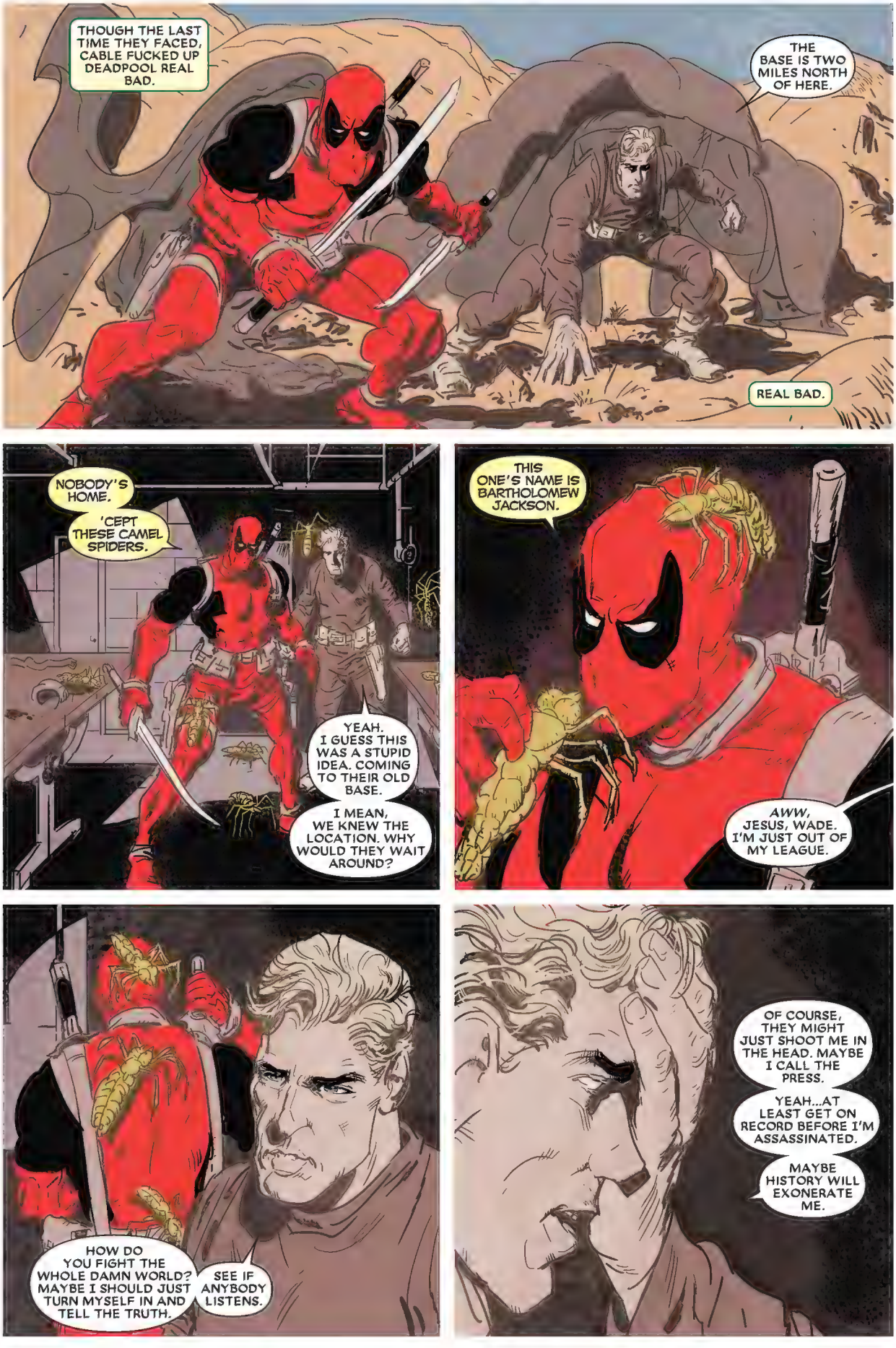
SHE FUCKED ME.

SHE USED HER FEMININE WILES TO GET ME TO DO UNSPEAKABLE THINGS.
SHE TOOK ME TO BED AND LET ME TAKE THE FALL FOR KILLING HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.
SHE LABELED ME A TERRORIST.

AND I FELL FOR IT.
EVERY TIME, I FELL FOR IT.
BUT NOT THIS TIME.
WHOA THERE, BOB. THAT'S SOME HEADACHE. WHAT'S THE HUBBUB, BUB?
NOT ASPIRIN, WADE...
CYPROTERONE.

IT'S A CHEMICAL CASTRATION DRUG THEY GIVE TO PERVERTS AND CHILD MOLESTERS.
SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT, BOB?
IT'S FOR COLLEEN, WADE!
THAT BITCH IS NOT GOING TO CLOUD MY BRAIN WITH HER FIRM LITTLE TUSH!
IS SHE A MINOR?
I'M NOT-- IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH CHILDREN. IT'S JUST A LIBIDO-DAMPENING PILL.
IT'S LIKE ANTI-VIAGRA, OKAY?!
OH...
WHEW
YOU OKAY?
NEVER HAD MUCH USE FOR CHURCH.
YEAH, ME EITHER.

THOUGH I SHOULD PROBABLY START.
YEEEEEHAAAAAA!
I COULDN'T GET TOO MAD AT WADE. NOT ANYMORE.
HE'D SAVED MY LIFE SO MANY TIMES IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, I OWED HIM.
I ALSO NEEDED HIM IF I HAD A PRAYER OF GETTING INTO COLLEEN'S SECRET LAIR.
EVEN IF I COULD GET PAST THE MOON KNIGHTS, I'D STILL NEED WADE TO TAKE OUT HER AGENT, CABLE.


THOUGH THE LAST TIME THEY FACED, CABLE FUCKED UP DEADPOOL REAL BAD.
THE BASE IS TWO MILES NORTH OF HERE.
REAL BAD.
NOBODY'S HOME.
'CEPT THESE CAMEL SPIDERS.
YEAH. I GUESS THIS WAS A STUPID IDEA. COMING TO THEIR OLD BASE.
I MEAN, WE KNEW THE LOCATION. WHY WOULD THEY WAIT AROUND?
THIS ONE'S NAME IS BARTHOLOMEW JACKSON.
AWW, JESUS, WADE. I'M JUST OUT OF MY LEAGUE.
HOW DO YOU FIGHT THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD? MAYBE I SHOULD JUST TURN MYSELF IN AND TELL THE TRUTH.
SEE IF ANYBODY LISTENS.
OF COURSE, THEY MIGHT JUST SHOOT ME IN THE HEAD. MAYBE I CALL THE PRESS.
YEAH...AT LEAST GET ON RECORD BEFORE I'M ASSASSINATED.
MAYBE HISTORY WILL EXONERATE ME.

'COURSE EVEN THEN, THEY'LL JUST SAY I'M CRAZY. PROBABLY GET MY MOM TO SAY I'M CRAZY.
MAYBE ALL TERRORISTS ARE LIKE ME. MAYBE THERE ARE NO TERRORISTS.

THE REAL TERRORISTS ARE THE GREEDY WASHINGTON POWER BROKERS.
IT'S ALL ABOUT MONEY AND SUPPRESSING THE WORLD'S DOWNTRODDEN.
YEAH...

MONEY. ITTT'S ALLLL ABOUT MO-MO-MONEY, Y'KNOW?... UNNN...
YEAH...

THE ALMIGHTY GODDAMN BUCK.
THAT'S THE REAL CULPRIT HERE. THE GREED AND ENTITLEMENT OF AMERICANS.
WELL, FUCK THEM. THEY CAN ALL DIE FOR ALL I CARE.

TERRORIST, EH?
I'LL SHOW THEM A GODDAMN TERRORIST...

HNNN...
WELL, THERE'S A DANGEROUS VENTING FOR YOU.
I DON'T KNOW, WADE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
HE'S COMING.
HE WHO?
CABLE.
SHIT!
WHERE? CAN YOU HEAR HIM? HOW FAR? DOES HE HAVE AN ARMY OF MOON KNIGHTS WITH HIM?
DID THE *BUG* TELL YOU THIS?
CABLE IS FROM THE FUTURE, BOB. HE *KNOWS* WE'RE HERE. HE'LL COME.

OH, BECAUSE HE'S FROM THE *FUTURE*. RIGHT...
LET ME KNOW IF HE SHOWS. I'M GOING TO GO FIND A BAR--
AHHH!
HELLO, TERRORIST.
L-LOOK WHO'S TALKING.
READY FOR ROUND TWO, BIG TUNA? YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
BREAK MY BONES ONCE, SHAME ON YOU. BREAK 'EM TWICE, SHAME ON ME.
ALSO, HAVE YOU MET MY FRIEND BARTHOLOMEW JACKSON?
HE BITES.
WADE WILSON. WE HAVE MUCH TO HASH OUT AT THIS MEETING. BUT IT WILL NOT BE WITH WEAPONS.
IT WILL BE WITH HASH.

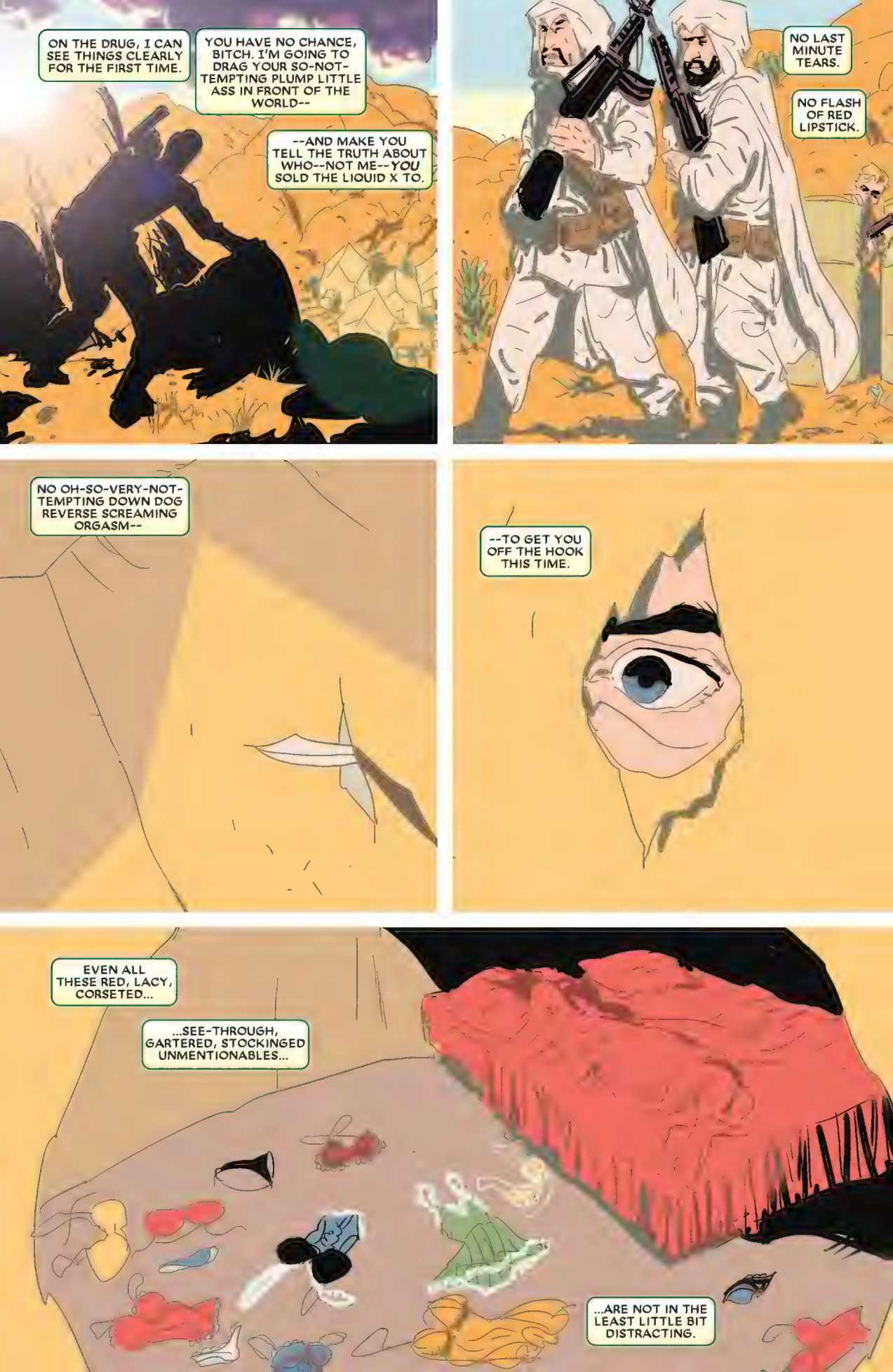
GROOVY.
SO NOW YOU THINK WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET HIGH?
NO. HE AND I ARE GOING TO GET HIGH. YOU ARE GOING TO GO HUNT COLLEEN LIU.
WHO YOU BLAME FOR YOUR MISERIES, BECAUSE YOU ARE A PETTY MAN.
THERE IS A MAP TO OUR NEW BASE IN THE JEEP ABOVE. SHE HAS NO IDEA YOU'RE COMING.
YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LET ME HUNT YOUR PARTNER, AND NOT EVEN WARN HER?
HER ADVANTAGES ARE ALREADY SO GREAT.
THIS WAY, SHE'LL HAVE TIME TO SEE WHAT A PATHETIC, SELF-CENTERED TOOL YOU ARE.
WHO'S THE TOOL, METAL MAN?
I'M *HER* TOOL EVERY NIGHT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
MMMMM...
NNNNN....
WELL... I BET YOU PUT A BOMB IN THE JEEP.
BREAK A LEG, BOB!
NO NEED TO WASTE GOOD EXPLOSIVES ON A TOOL.

ADVANTAGE, MY ASS...
ONE DAY YOU'LL WISH YOU BLEW ME UP, SHITHEAD.

TOOL, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S THE TOOL.
WHERE'S THAT BOTTLE?

HERE IT COMES, BITCH. REVENGE FOR TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND AMERICAN TAXPAYERS!
CYPROTERONE
TAKE TWO TABLETS ONCE PER DAY WITH FOOD
qty: 30
drug exp. 10/10/14
℞ 0000 7654-1333
WE CAME UP IN THE AGENCY TOGETHER. TOOK AN OATH.

THE WHOLE TIME SHE WAS A COMMIE. TRAITOR.
AND TO THINK I ALMOST ONCE ASKED HER...


ON THE DRUG, I CAN SEE THINGS CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME.
YOU HAVE NO CHANCE, BITCH. I'M GOING TO DRAG YOUR SO-NOT-TEMPTING PLUMP LITTLE ASS IN FRONT OF THE WORLD--
--AND MAKE YOU TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT WHO--NOT ME--*YOU* SOLD THE LIQUID X TO.
NO LAST MINUTE TEARS.
NO FLASH OF RED LIPSTICK.
NO OH-SO-VERY-NOT-TEMPTING DOWN DOG REVERSE SCREAMING ORGASM--
--TO GET YOU OFF THE HOOK THIS TIME.
EVEN ALL THESE RED, LACY, CORSETED...
...SEE-THROUGH, GARTERED, STOCKINGED UNMENTIONABLES...
...ARE NOT IN THE LEAST LITTLE BIT DISTRACTING.

I MEAN, NORMALLY I'D BE DIVING ON TOP OF THAT MOUND OF SOFT FLESH, BEGGING FOR IT.
NOW? NOTHING.
WHICH IS KINDA DEPRESS--
HELLO, BOB.
AHH!
I HEARD AN INTRUDER STOMPING AROUND CAMP, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE YOU, BOB.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
COLLEEN, I--
BOB?
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I HEARD YOU WERE LEAVING.

YEAH. THEY'RE SENDING US TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
A RUSSIAN SUB'S GONE DOWN WITH A LIVE NUKE. THERE'S ABOUT SIX COUNTRIES GOING FOR IT.
FIRST ONE THERE GETS TO CHANGE THE WORLD. HEH.

WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING I... I WANTED TO ASK YOU BEFORE--
DOES IT REALLY FEEL THAT DIFFERENT WITH A CONDOM?
HUH?

CABLE SAYS HE CAN'T WEAR THEM. TAKES ALL THE THRILL OUT.
I'M THINKING OF HAVING MY TUBES TIED. AM I EVER GONNA HAVE KIDS ANYWAY, Y'KNOW?
Y-YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH HIM?

OH COME ON, BOB. WHY DO YOU THINK THEY PUT ME WITH CABLE?
WHATEVER IT TAKES, RIGHT?
OH...RIGHT... YEAH...

ARE YOU OKAY, BOB?
YEAH...SURE... I JUST HAVE A HEADACHE.
LOOK, YOU HAVE A GOOD TRIP.

UH... OKAY...
BYE.

SHIT.
COLLEEN?!
COL!
WILL YOU MARRY ME...?
BOB?
COLLEEN, I...
YOU'VE GOT NO HOLD ON ME, BITCH!
LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPON OR GET READY FOR THE PAIN FACTORY!

POW
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU, BOB?
SHIT! SHE'S GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS.
POW POW POW
I MADE IT TO COVER! HA!
LAST MISTAKE YOU'LL EVER MAKE, SWEETHEART.
NOW THAT I FIND YOU COMPLETELY UNATTRACTIVE, I CAN FINALLY SEE THAT YOU'RE UGLY AND EVIL.
STAND DOWN.
I WILL HANDLE THIS.
WELL, EVIL ANYWAY.
IT'S TRUE. THE TV WAS RIGHT. YOU HAVE GONE MAD.
SPK!!
YOU LIED TO AND MANIPULATED ME FOR YEARS, COLLEEN. BUT NO MORE.
TODAY I AM A FREE MAN!

I... I THOUGHT YOU SAW THE GREED IN THE SYSTEM.
I THOUGHT WE DISAGREED ON METHOD BUT THAT WE BOTH WANTED A WORLD OF EQUALITY AND PEACE.
WAS IT REALLY ALL JUST ABOUT SEX AND CHEAP THRILLS?
NOT SO CHEAP, WERE THEY, MURDERING SLUT?
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DEAD IN CINCINNATI. THAT'S ON *YOU*, BABY. THAT'S *YOUR* FAULT.
UNSEXY MURDERING SLUT!
÷SNIFF÷
GOD... NO...
÷SNIFF÷
HA! GOTCHA!
COLLEEN?
UM... COLLEEN?
WILL YOU MARRY ME?

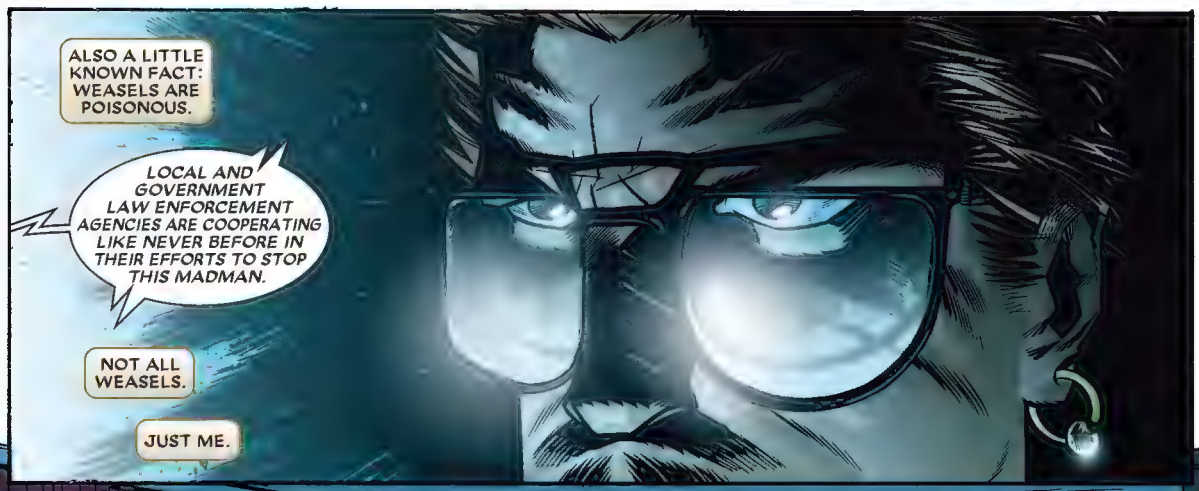
A-H-O-L-E-I-N-I-T-A-L-Y
"A...HOLE... IN...ITALY."
WOW...
THAT'S TOTALLY DEEP.
WAIT!
IT COULD ALSO BE...AN "A-HOLE...IN... ITALY."
NOW YOU SEE THE TIME PARADOX.
THUMB WRESTLE?
I WON TWICE. YOU ONCE.
DAMN!
KNOWING THE FUTURE SURE SAVES A LOT OF TIME AND TROUBLE.
YOU BASTARD!
YOU SET ME UP. SHE THINKS I'M A TERRORIST AND WORSE. SHE THINKS THAT I HATE HER.

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE WENT AND I WANT TO KNOW NOW!
UH-UH. ONE BITE AT THE APPLE IS ALL YOU GET, TOOL.
IT'S TIME FOR *ME* TO GO AND COMFORT HER.
I WILL GIVE YOU THIS ADVICE, SHOULD YOU OPEN YOUR FEEBLE MIND AND CHOOSE TO TAKE IT.
YOU ARE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE. IF YOU WISH TO SAVE *YOURSELF* AND THE WORLD, LOOK *WITHIN,* NOT WITHOUT.
NOW, I'M OFF TO GET MY KNOB POLISHED.
HEY! SO... WE WERE *FRIENDS* THIS TIME. DOES THAT MEAN NEXT TIME WE TUSSLE AGAIN?
YES.
AND YOU WILL KILL ME.
AND BURY ME IN A HOLE IN ITALY.
I WIN!
YES...!
HE'S RIGHT, WADE...

WE'RE RUNNING ALL AROUND THE WORLD LOOKING FOR CULPRITS AND WITNESSES.
WHEN EVERYTHING WE NEED IS RIGHT IN LANGLEY. RIGHT IN THE C.I.A.'S CATACOMBS.
RIGHT IN THE DEADPOOL.
THE GREAT WOMB.
HEAR THAT, BARTHOLOMEW JACKSON, WE'RE GONNA BUST ALL UP ON THE EVIL SHADOW GOVERNMENT'S PARADE!
NO, WADE. THE MEDICINE'S WEARING OFF, AND I'M REALIZING I JUST BROKE MY ONE-TRUE-LOVE'S HEART TODAY.
I LOST FAITH, WADE. I HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT.
NOT TO HER.
LET THEM ALL THINK I'M A TERRORIST. HER'S WAS THE ONLY OPINION THAT MATTERED.
RIGHT NOW, I JUST WANT TO CRAWL UNDER A ROCK AND DIE.

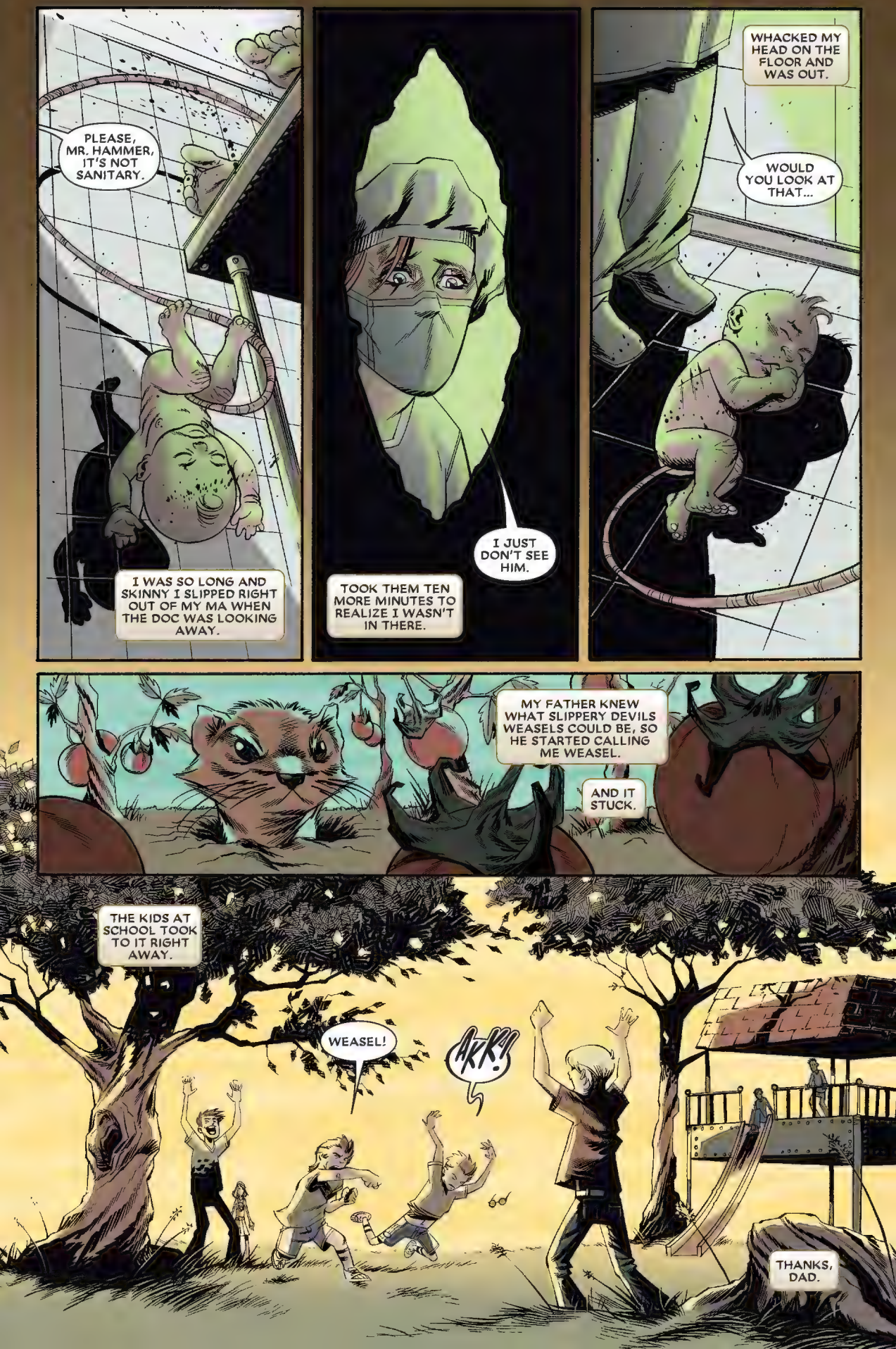
YOU'VE JUST RENTED A SCOOTER TO HYDRA BOB WEARING A MUUMUU.
KISS THAT BABY GOODBYE!
KYLE BAKER®

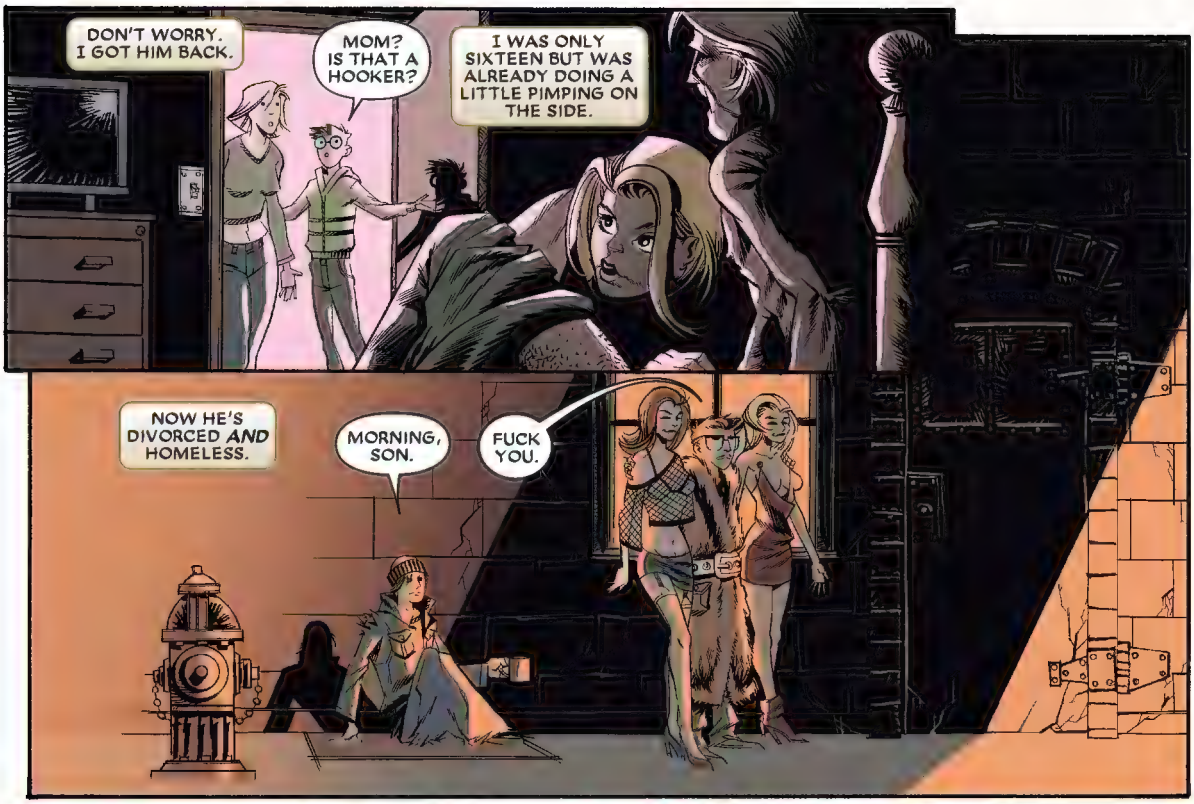
A WEASEL IS ONE OF THE BRAVEST AND MOST FEROCIOUS CREATURES ON EARTH.
THEY ARE CLOSELY RELATED TO BADGERS AND THE VICIOUS WOLVERINE.
THEY ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR SPEED, STEALTH, AND BLOODTHIRSTY HABIT OF DESTROYING THEIR PREY.
AND THEY ARE COMPLETELY FEARLESS.
THE MANHUNT FOR BOB, THE LEADER OF THE DOMESTIC TERRORIST GROUP HYDRA, IS STILL UNDERWAY.
SPA STEPH
SCALP
ZAC ATTACK
NOIR CHRIST
NIGHTMARE

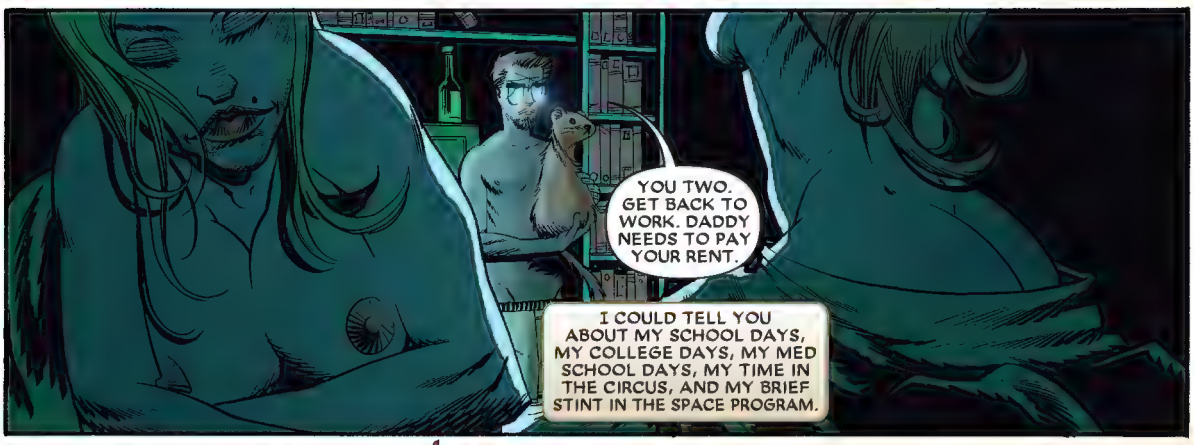

ALSO A LITTLE KNOWN FACT: WEASELS ARE POISONOUS.
LOCAL AND GOVERNMENT LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES ARE COOPERATING LIKE NEVER BEFORE IN THEIR EFFORTS TO STOP THIS MADMAN.
NOT ALL WEASELS.
JUST ME.

...ANYONE WITH INFORMATION LEADING TO THE APPREHENSION, DEATH, OR CAPTURE OF BOB WILL RECEIVE A TEN MILLION DOLLAR REWAR--
NLIN
COME, MY PET. REVENGE IS AFOOT.
ANY ASSHOLES MESS WITH ME THEY'LL SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.
WHAT THE WEASEL MOJO IS *REALLY* ALL ABOUT.

AND I GOT TWO ASSHOLES RIGHT IN THE NEXT GODDAMN ROOM.
SPRANGGGGG
THE ONE ON THE LEFT THERE IS BOB. BOB'S A QUEEN ASSHOLE IF EVER THE ASSHOLES GOT TOGETHER TO ELECT ONE.
DO YOU THINK IT'S A HIPPOPOTAMUS?
IT'S A PENIS, WADE.
THE OTHER ONE'S NAME IS WADE WILSON, A.K.A. DEADPOOL, THE WORLD'S GREATEST ASSASSIN.
MAYBE IT'S A ROCKET SHIP.
NOPE.
HE'S ACTUALLY AN OKAY DUDE.
HE GOT ME ON SOME MEDS AND INTO THERAPY.
REALLY STRAIGHTENED OUT MY LIFE.
AND IT'S BEEN A TOUGH LIFE.
MY BIRTH NAME ISN'T WEASEL, IT'S JACK.
AHHHHHH!
IS IT A BOY? IS IT? IS IT?
WILL YOU STOP SPITTING ON ME, PLEASE?
BUT THEY WERE CALLING ME WEASEL FROM DAY ONE.


PLEASE, MR. HAMMER, IT'S NOT SANITARY.
I WAS SO LONG AND SKINNY I SLIPPED RIGHT OUT OF MY MA WHEN THE DOC WAS LOOKING AWAY.
TOOK THEM TEN MORE MINUTES TO REALIZE I WASN'T IN THERE.
I JUST DON'T SEE HIM.
WHACKED MY HEAD ON THE FLOOR AND WAS OUT.
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT...
MY FATHER KNEW WHAT SLIPPERY DEVILS WEASELS COULD BE, SO HE STARTED CALLING ME WEASEL.
AND IT STUCK.
THE KIDS AT SCHOOL TOOK TO IT RIGHT AWAY.
WEASEL!
AKK!
THANKS, DAD.


DON'T WORRY. I GOT HIM BACK.
MOM? IS THAT A HOOKER?
I WAS ONLY SIXTEEN BUT WAS ALREADY DOING A LITTLE PIMPING ON THE SIDE.
NOW HE'S DIVORCED AND HOMELESS.
MORNING, SON.
FUCK YOU.


YOU TWO. GET BACK TO WORK. DADDY NEEDS TO PAY YOUR RENT.
I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT MY SCHOOL DAYS, MY COLLEGE DAYS, MY MED SCHOOL DAYS, MY TIME IN THE CIRCUS, AND MY BRIEF STINT IN THE SPACE PROGRAM.

BUT I WON'T.
I'M ABOUT THE HERE AND NOW.
SPRANGGGG!

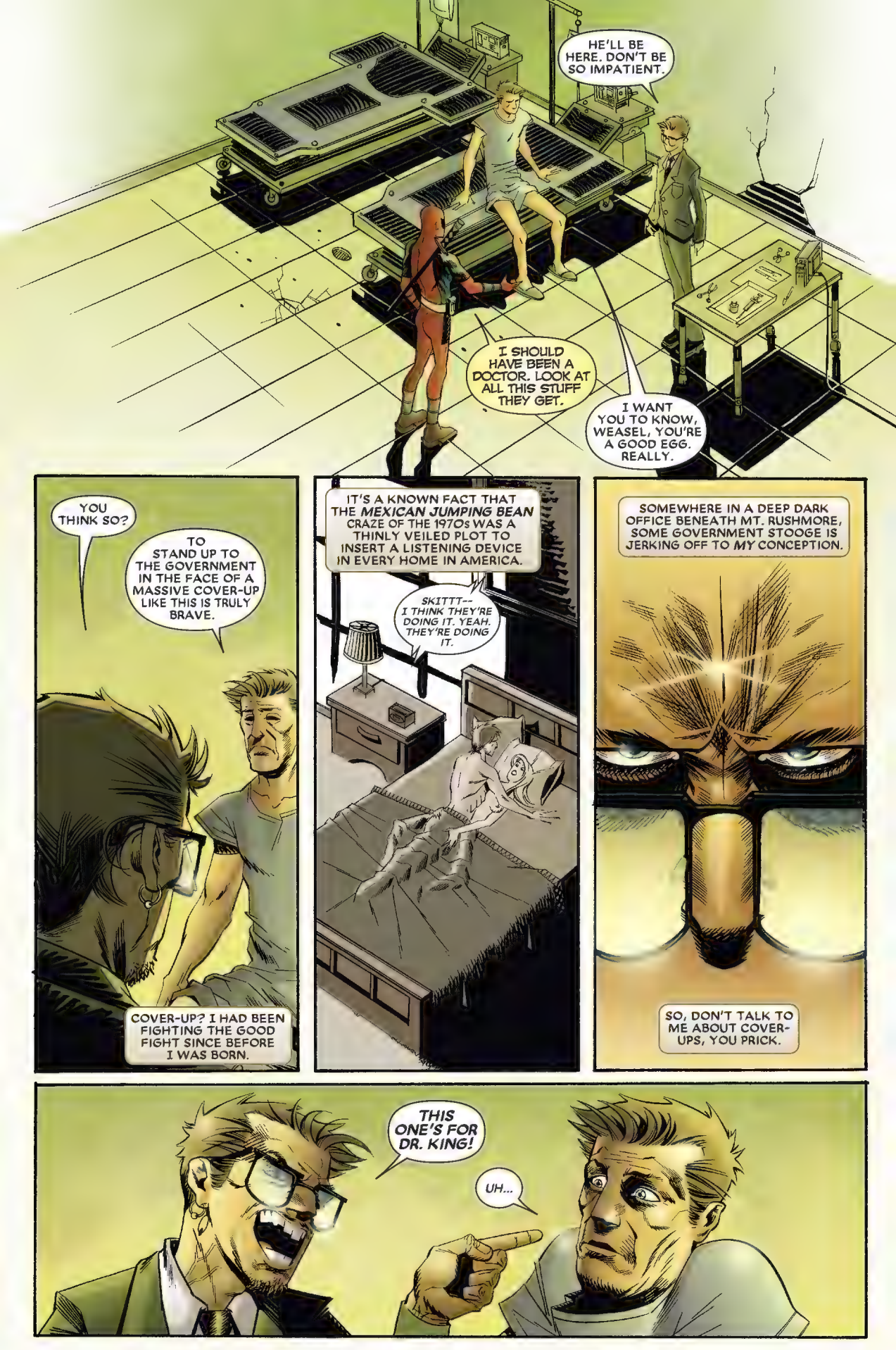
LOOK AT ME, I'M A COWBOY!
OF COURSE YOU ARE, WADE.
GENTLEMEN.

WEASEL! HEY, MAN, LOOK, AS DEADPOOL TOLD YOU ON THE PHONE, I NEED A NEW FACE.
I'M SURE YOU'VE SEEN ME PLASTERED ALL OVER THE TV...
SO ASSHOLE BOB HERE WANTS A NEW FACE.
SEEMS TO HAVE DELUSIONS HE'S FAMOUS LIKE MICHAEL JACKSON OR SOME SHIT.
HISSSS...
EVERYBODY WANTS HIS AUTOGRAPH.
YEAH, SURE, OPRAH.
IT'S KIND OF HARD TO TRY AND LIVE A NORMAL LIFE WHEN THEY THINK YOU'RE A MASS MURDERER, WHICH BY THE WAY, I IN NO WAY AM. AND THEN THERE'S THE REWARD...
HE FIGURED SINCE I'M SUCH A SCUMBAG PIMP, I WOULD HAVE PLENTY OF UNDERWORLD CONNECTIONS WITH SHADY PLASTIC SURGEONS AND COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING "OFF THE RADAR" LIKE THIS.
ASSHOLE.
I MEAN, I DO HAVE SUCH CONNECTIONS, BUT NOBODY LIKES IT RUBBED IN THEIR FACE.
SPRANGGG!
UH...WELL... UM...
YOU OKAY?
HOW'RE THOSE MEDS DOING FOR YOU, WEASEL?

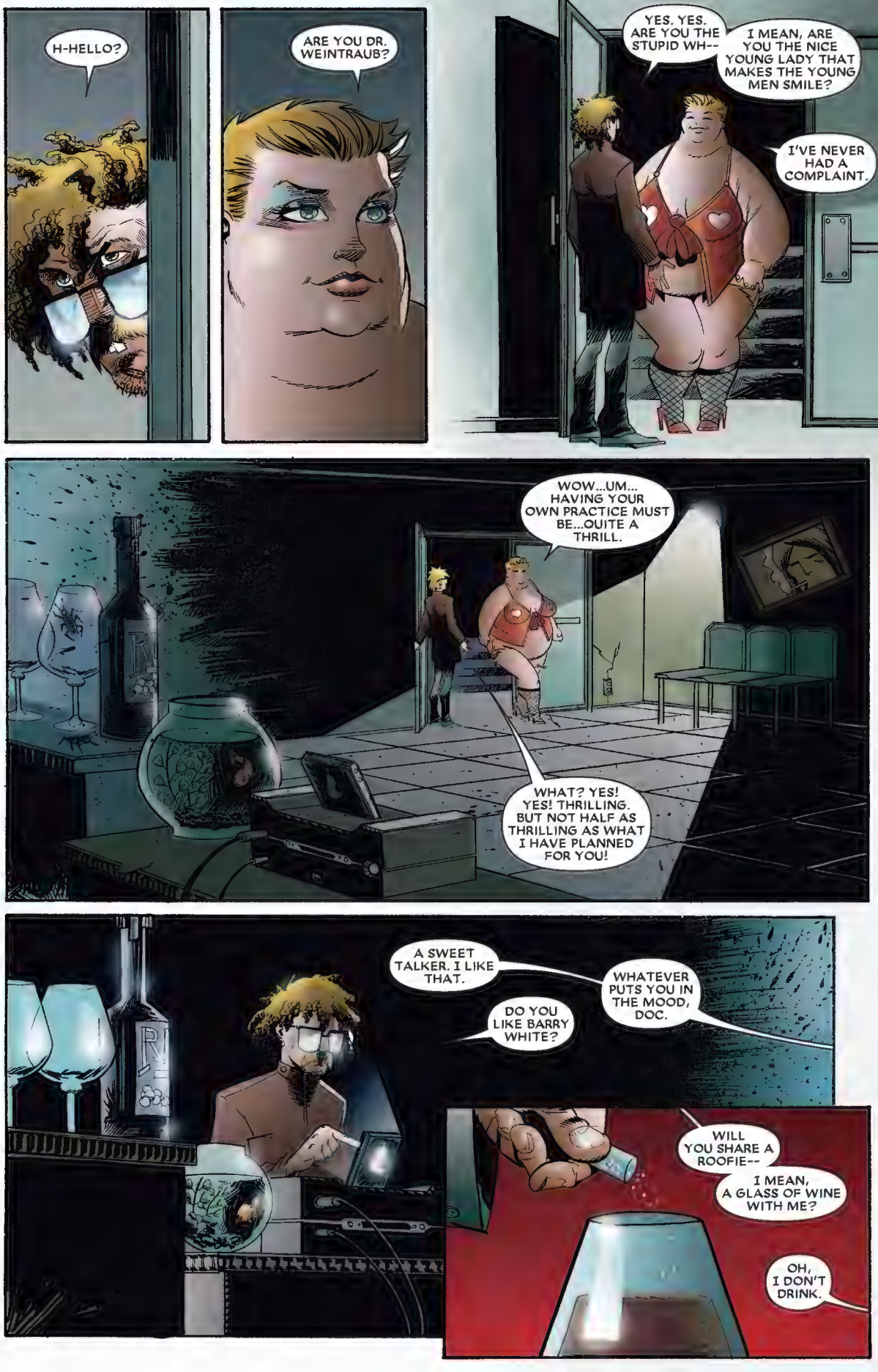
NEVER FELT BETTER.
THANKS TO YOU.
I AGREE AND TELL WADE TO BRING HIS ASSHOLE FRIEND BACK TOMORROW.
ONLY I SAID BOB, NOT ASSHOLE.
TRUTH WAS I STOPPED TAKING MY MEDS MONTHS AGO.
THEY MADE ME SLOW.
SO I COMPENSATED WITH AMPHETAMINES.
THEY WORKED EVEN BETTER, SO I JUST STOPPED TAKING THE ANTI-PSYCHOTICS AND THE ANXIETY PILLS.
ANYWAY, I'M NOT STUPID. I KNOW I'M INSANE AGAIN.
YOU NEED TO BE, IN THIS BUSINESS.
YO! BITCHES! YOU WANNA BE STATUES, GO TO THE GODDAMN MUSEUM.
THAT'S MY BOY!
PUBLIC ENEMY
WANTED
BUT DADDY, SHE'S OUT THERE AGAIN.
YOU LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT, HO. YOU JUST SHAKE THOSE STRUNG-OUT WARES UP THE BLOCK.

HER NAME IS ASHLEY.
WE HAD A RUN-IN OVER HER STEALING BUSINESS FROM MY WORKING GIRLS.
I WAS GONNA POP A CAP IN THAT DUMB BROAD'S FACE, TILL THAT ASSHOLE BOB GOT IN THE WAY.
IF I'M BEING HONEST, I WAS IN A BAD SPOT.
Y'SEE, I CAN BE VICIOUS, UNDERHANDED, AND SPITEFUL.
BUT I CAN'T KILL.
WHEN I WAS SEVEN, I KILLED A TOAD FOR FUN.
JUST MY BAD LUCK. THE TOAD BELONGED TO A WIZARD WHO PUT A CURSE ON ME.
YOU SHALL NEVER MORE EXPERIENCE THE ULTIMATE JOY OF TAKING ANOTHER'S LIFE LEST YOURS TOO BE TAKEN...
SHIT!

SO YEAH, BEING A SERIAL KILLER ON THE SIDE WAS FOREVERMORE DENIED TO ME.
WTF
BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY I TOLD YOU THAT OR I'LL HAVE TO ALMOST KILL YOU.
ANYWAY...SO THERE SHE WAS WITH JOHN AFTER JOHN. SOMETIMES TWO OR THREE AT A TIME.
SOMETIMES WHOLE BACHELOR PARTIES.
WHILE I GO BANKRUPT.
PUBLIC ENEMY #1
WANTED
ANYWAY, NEVER ONE TO MISS AN OPPORTUNITY, MY MIND WAS ALREADY THREE STEPS AHEAD ON A HIGH PLATEAU.
I HATCHED THE PERFECT PLAN TO TAKE CARE OF BOTH OF MY ENEMIES IN ONE FELL SWOOP!
THE NEXT NIGHT...
SO WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?
I'M RICH, BEE-ATCH!
MED+CLIN


HE'LL BE HERE. DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT.
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A DOCTOR. LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF THEY GET.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW, WEASEL, YOU'RE A GOOD EGG. REALLY.
YOU THINK SO?
TO STAND UP TO THE GOVERNMENT IN THE FACE OF A MASSIVE COVER-UP LIKE THIS IS TRULY BRAVE.
COVER-UP? I HAD BEEN FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT SINCE BEFORE I WAS BORN.
IT'S A KNOWN FACT THAT THE *MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN* CRAZE OF THE 1970s WAS A THINLY VEILED PLOT TO INSERT A LISTENING DEVICE IN EVERY HOME IN AMERICA.
SKITTT-- I THINK THEY'RE DOING IT. YEAH. THEY'RE DOING IT.
SOMEWHERE IN A DEEP DARK OFFICE BENEATH MT. RUSHMORE, SOME GOVERNMENT STOOGE IS JERKING OFF TO *MY* CONCEPTION.
SO, DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT COVER-UPS, YOU PRICK.
THIS ONE'S FOR DR. KING!
UH...

YOU OKAY, WEASEL? YOU SURE YOU'RE TAKING YOUR MEDS?
I'M SO FULL OF MEDS IF YOU STUCK A QUARTER IN MY ASS I'D SHIT WHEATIES.
SEEMS OKAY TO ME.
KNOCK KNOCK
THAT'S HIM!
YOU TWO STAY HERE AND DON'T MOVE. CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WITH THE GOVERNMENT LURKING ABOUT.
ASSHOLE.
KNOCK KNOCK
COMING!
KLIK!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
COMING!
KNOCK
I SAID HOLD ON A GODDAMN MINUTE!


H-HELLO?
ARE YOU DR. WEINTRAUB?
YES. YES. ARE YOU THE STUPID WH--
I MEAN, ARE YOU THE NICE YOUNG LADY THAT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN SMILE?
I'VE NEVER HAD A COMPLAINT.
WOW...UM... HAVING YOUR OWN PRACTICE MUST BE...QUITE A THRILL.
WHAT? YES! YES! THRILLING. BUT NOT HALF AS THRILLING AS WHAT I HAVE PLANNED FOR YOU!
A SWEET TALKER. I LIKE THAT.
DO YOU LIKE BARRY WHITE?
WHATEVER PUTS YOU IN THE MOOD, DOC.
WILL YOU SHARE A ROOFIE--
I MEAN, A GLASS OF WINE WITH ME?
OH, I DON'T DRINK.

BUT SOME WATER WOULD BE NICE.
YES! YES!
NNNNNNNN...
THERE! NOW DRINK!
I MEAN CHEERS.
UH... THANKS...
THUNK
WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU HEAR THAT? LIKE SOMETHING FELL?
A PIANO OR SOMETHING?
WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS SETUP?
I TELL YOU, BOB, THESE UNLICENSED DOCTORS HAVE IT BETTER THAN THE REAL GUYS.
I WANT TO BE AN UNLICENSED DOCTOR WHEN I GROW UP.
WONDER WHAT THIS ONE DOES.
KLIK

IS THAT BARRY WHITE?
OH, SHIT. GAS!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
WADE, GET US OUT OF HERE. IT'S A TRAP...!
WADE...?
AWW...
SUCKERS. SUCKERS ALL.
SPRANGGG!

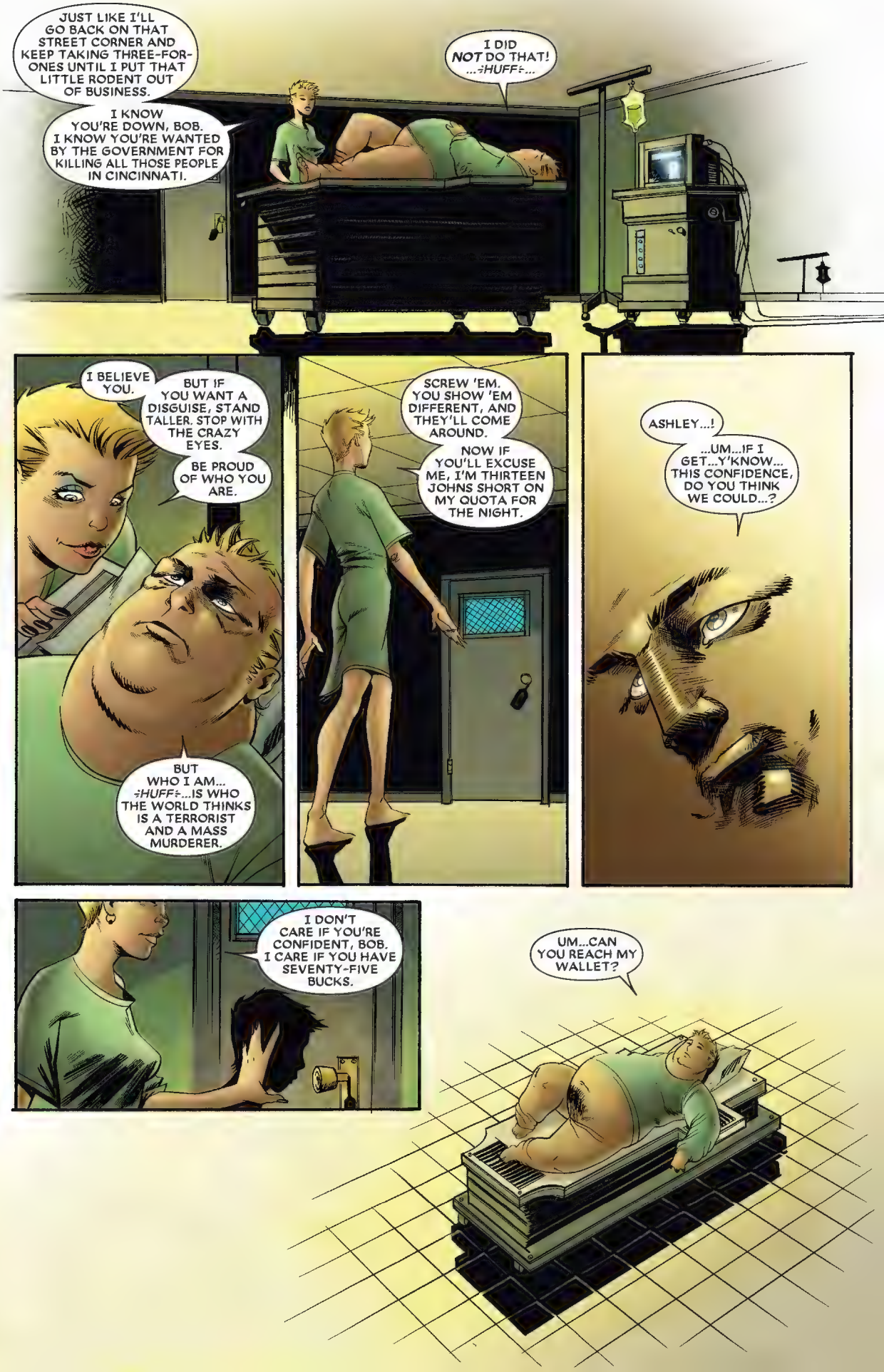
GENIUS.
GODDAMN GENIUS BE I.
AM I... I AM?
SAID I...?
WHATEVER.
SHUKSHUKSHUKSHUKL--

HAHAHAHA!
GOT YOU!
GOT YOU!
YOU'RE A VEGETABLE!
WHAT THE--?
OHHH... MY HEAD...

HEY!
HEY!
YOU'RE HOT!
OF COURSE I AM--
OH, YOU MEAN...
NOW YOU'RE *RUINED*, YOU STUPID HO!
NO MORE THREE-IN-ONES! NO MORE BASKETBALL TEAMS!
THIBT!
AND *YOU*, YOU'RE RUINED, TOO.
WHOEVER HEARD OF AN OBESE SECRET AGENT?
Y-YOU DID THIS... YOURSELF.
I DO A LITTLE MALPRACTICE ON THE SIDE.
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA!
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TAKING YOUR MEDS, HAVE YOU?
NONOT REALLYTHEY MADEME SLOW...

THIS IS AWKWARD. THE PLAN WAS TO KILL THE DOCTOR. SO HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TALK.
RIGHT... BOB?
WHERE'S BOB?
I'M RIGHT HERE, WADE.
WOW. YOU DO GREAT WORK, DOC.
NOBODY'D RECOGNIZE HIM NOW.
THANKYOU THANKYOU VERYMUCH.
OKAY. TIME TO DIE.
HEY...!
HEY, LOOK, ASHLEY. I'M SORRY YOU GOT DRAGGED INTO ALL THIS. HAVING A GUY LIKE THAT VIOLATE YOU--
÷SNIFF÷ ÷SNIFF÷
IT'S NOT HIM... ÷SNIFF÷...
IT'S YOU.
YOU REALLY THINK I'M HOT?
WELL, JEEZ. YEAH.
WHAT WAS I BEFORE?! CHOPPED LIVER?!

NO...I MEAN YOU-- I MEAN YOU WERE A PERFECTLY LOVELY--UM...
I'M CONFUSED.
I WAS THE HOTTEST THING ON THE PLANET ON THAT STREET CORNER A FEW HOURS AGO.
I WAS THE HOTTEST THING ON THE PLANET AT YOUR BACHELOR PARTY WHEN YOU GOT OFF EIGHT TIMES!
EIGHT?!
BUT NO. THEN, I WAS FAT, RIGHT? AND NOW I'M SKINNY, RIGHT?
NOW I'M "HOT"?
DAMN, I WISH I REMEMBERED THAT PARTY.
LOOK, ALL I MEANT WAS... LOOK AT ME. HOW DO I LOOK?
AWFUL.
RIGHT. BUT IF I WAS ALL BUFF LIKE BEFORE I'D LOOK--
STILL AWFUL.
YOU'RE THE SAME INSECURE AND WISHY-WASHY GUY YOU WERE BEFORE.
BUT...LESS AWFUL?
THE SAME.
JUST LIKE I'M STILL HOT AS HELL.


JUST LIKE I'LL GO BACK ON THAT STREET CORNER AND KEEP TAKING THREE-FOR-ONES UNTIL I PUT THAT LITTLE RODENT OUT OF BUSINESS.
I KNOW YOU'RE DOWN, BOB. I KNOW YOU'RE WANTED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR KILLING ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN CINCINNATI.
I DID *NOT* DO THAT! ...÷HUFF÷...
I BELIEVE YOU.
BUT IF YOU WANT A DISGUISE, STAND TALLER. STOP WITH THE CRAZY EYES.
BE PROUD OF WHO YOU ARE.
BUT WHO I AM... ÷HUFF÷...IS WHO THE WORLD THINKS IS A TERRORIST AND A MASS MURDERER.
SCREW 'EM. YOU SHOW 'EM DIFFERENT, AND THEY'LL COME AROUND.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M THIRTEEN JOHNS SHORT ON MY QUOTA FOR THE NIGHT.
ASHLEY...!
...UM...IF I GET...Y'KNOW... THIS CONFIDENCE, DO YOU THINK WE COULD...?
I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE CONFIDENT, BOB. I CARE IF YOU HAVE SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS.
UM...CAN YOU REACH MY WALLET?

THERE THEY GO.
WEEEEE...

PUBLIC ENEMY
WANTED
AND THERE *SHE* GOES.
WILL NOTHING STOP THAT WOMAN?
I'M RUINED.

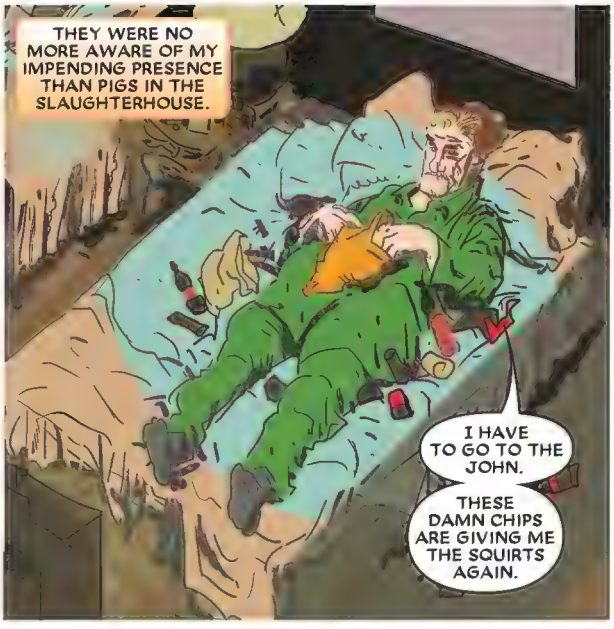
NO. NEVER.
I AM A *WEASEL*. A FEARLESS AND VICIOUS CREATURE WHO USES STEALTH TO SURPRISE ITS ENEMIES AND ACT... WITH...FURIOUS...

AHH, SHIT.
I NEED TO SLOW DOWN.
PUBLIC ENEMY
WANTED

MAYBE I SHOULD GET BACK ON MY MEDS.

#4
FACE IT, TIGER. YOU JUST HIT THE JACKPOT!

Moonlight Rendezvous
MOTEL
I HAD TRACKED MY PREY TO A MOTEL JUST OUTSIDE YUMA, ARIZONA...
WADE, CAN YOU HELP ME UP?

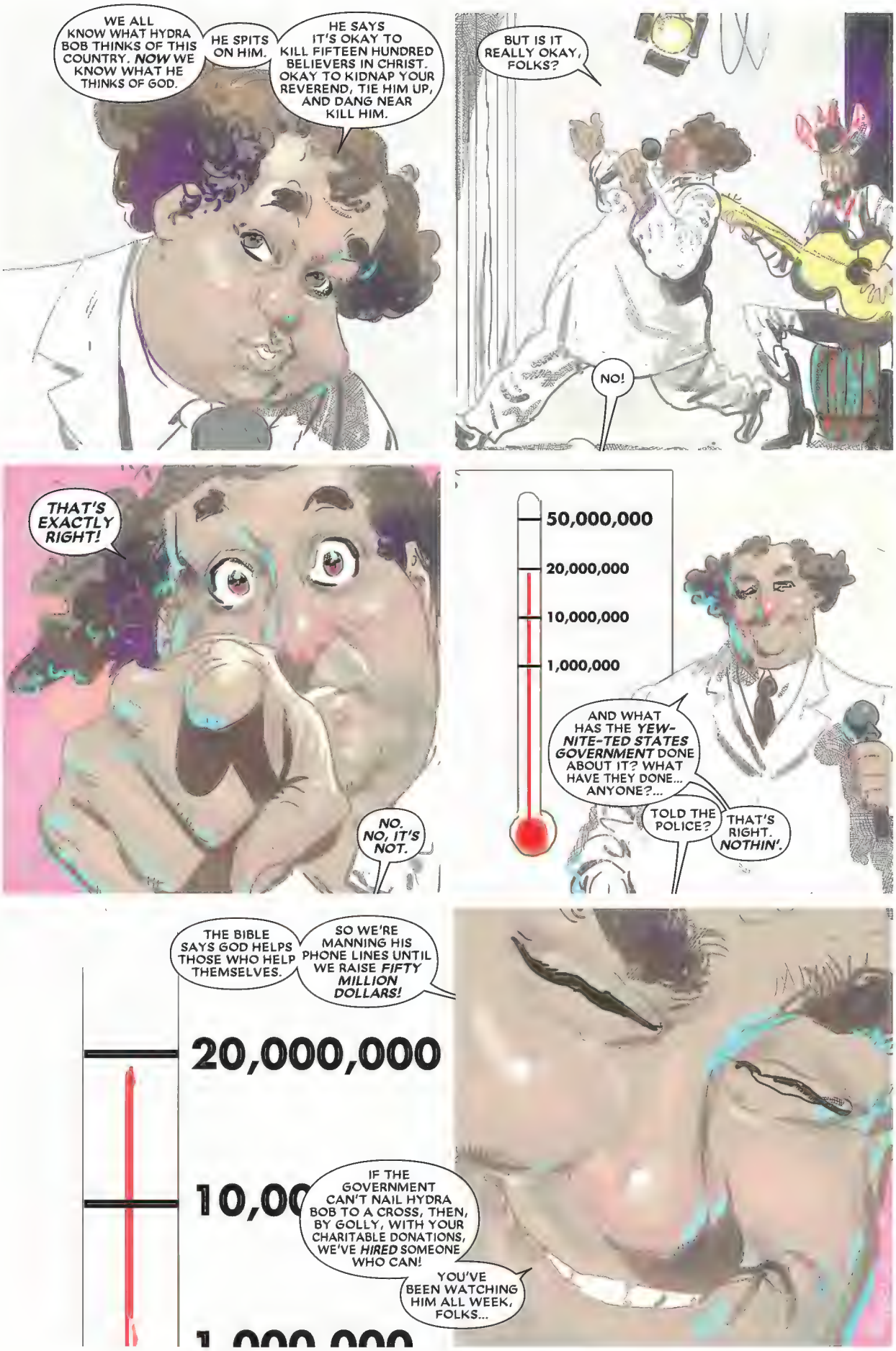

THEY WERE NO MORE AWARE OF MY IMPENDING PRESENCE THAN PIGS IN THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
I HAVE TO GO TO THE JOHN.
THESE DAMN CHIPS ARE GIVING ME THE SQUIRTS AGAIN.

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD STOP EATING THE CHIPS, BOB.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME? LAST NIGHT, I LEAKED OUT ANOTHER TWENTY POUNDS OF FAT CELLS.
THIS REVERSE LIPO IS NOT ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE.

IF I DON'T GET SOME REAL POUNDS ON ME QUICK... ÷HEFT÷...
...PEOPLE ARE GOING TO START RECOGNIZING ME.

THEN WE'D BE ON THE RUN AGAIN.
WHAT'S THAT?
MIGHT BE GOOD FOR YOU.

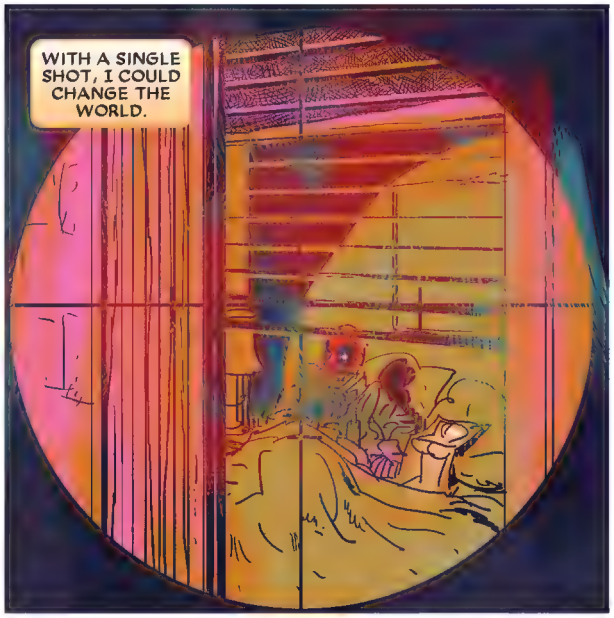
NOTHIN'!
KLIK
FRIENDS, ROMANS, BELIEVERS IN CHRIST ALMIGHTY AND ALL THINGS GOOD AND PURE, I STAND BEFORE YOU A HUMBLE MAN OF GOD.
AS YOU ALL KNOW, OUR BEACON IN THE WILDERNESS, OUR ROCK, THE CRYSTAL CHURCH WAS RECENTLY BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS BY THE DEVIL'S TOOL.
I'M SPEAKING, OF COURSE, ABOUT HYDRA BOB.
THE MAN I'VE GUARANTEED YOU GOD IS GOING TO KILL.
HEY, BOB! THEY SAID YOUR NAME ON TV!


WE ALL KNOW WHAT HYDRA BOB THINKS OF THIS COUNTRY. *NOW* WE KNOW WHAT HE THINKS OF GOD.
HE SPITS ON HIM.
HE SAYS IT'S OKAY TO KILL FIFTEEN HUNDRED BELIEVERS IN CHRIST. OKAY TO KIDNAP YOUR REVEREND, TIE HIM UP, AND DANG NEAR KILL HIM.
BUT IS IT REALLY OKAY, FOLKS?
NO!
THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT!
NO. NO, IT'S NOT.
50,000,000
20,000,000
10,000,000
1,000,000
AND WHAT HAS THE *YEW-NITE-TED STATES GOVERNMENT* DONE ABOUT IT? WHAT HAVE THEY DONE... ANYONE?...
TOLD THE POLICE?
THAT'S RIGHT. *NOTHIN'*.
THE BIBLE SAYS GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.
SO WE'RE MANNING HIS PHONE LINES UNTIL WE RAISE *FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS!*
20,000,000
10,00
IF THE GOVERNMENT CAN'T NAIL HYDRA BOB TO A CROSS, THEN, BY GOLLY, WITH YOUR CHARITABLE DONATIONS, WE'VE *HIRED* SOMEONE WHO CAN!
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING HIM ALL WEEK, FOLKS...
1,000,000

PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AS WE BRING YOU LIVE FROM AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION, OUR VERY OWN HAMMER OF JUSTICE--
--AGENT X!
CLAP CLAP CLAP WOO HOO! CLAP CLAP
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING AGENT X TRACK BOB EVERY NIGHT AT NINE ON OUR OWN CRYSTAL NETWORK AND ITS AFFILIATES, BUT TONIGHT WE'RE GOING LIVE FOR A SPECIAL EPISODE.
LIVE SPECIAL? I'M CRACKIN' A BREWSKI.
SO, MR. X--
CALL ME THE X-MAN.
X-MAN.
THE X-MAN.
THE X-MAN, SIR, YOU'VE INFORMED US THAT, AFTER ALL THESE WEEKS, YOU'RE VERY CLOSE TO POUNCING ON THESE TERRORISTS?
I'VE TRACKED THEM FROM MOUNTAIN HIGH TO VALLEY LOW AND ALL THE OTHER PARTS OF A WOMAN.

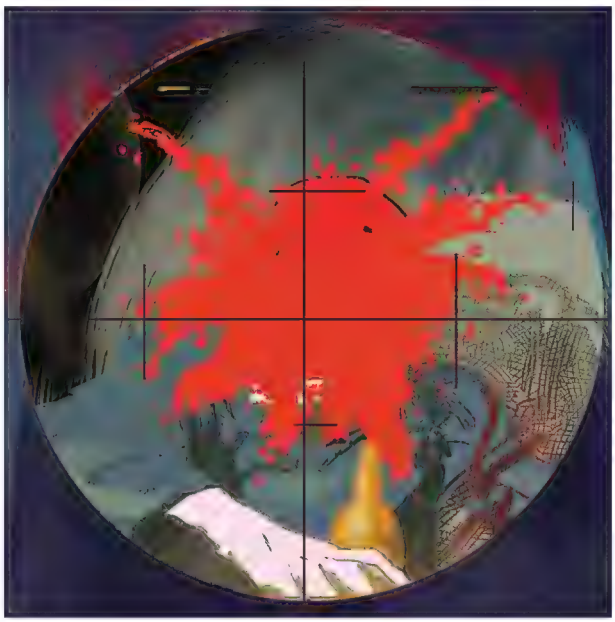
FINALLY, TONIGHT, I'VE GOT 'EM CORNERED.
M O T E
SO, MR... UM...THE X-MAN, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SAY TO YOUR AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS?
JUST THIS.
HANG ON TO YOUR SCROTUM.
IT'S GONNA BE A BUMPY RIDE.
THAT'S ONE BAD MAMA JAMMA.
ALSO, LARRY, WHERE'S MY FIFTY MILLION?
WE--WELL-- WE'RE JUST... WE'RE ALMOST...JUST A TINY BIT AWAY FROM OUR TARGET MARK.
WELL, I'M HERE WAITING. YOU LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU GET THERE--
HEH...
KEEP THOSE CALLS COMIN', FOLKS!

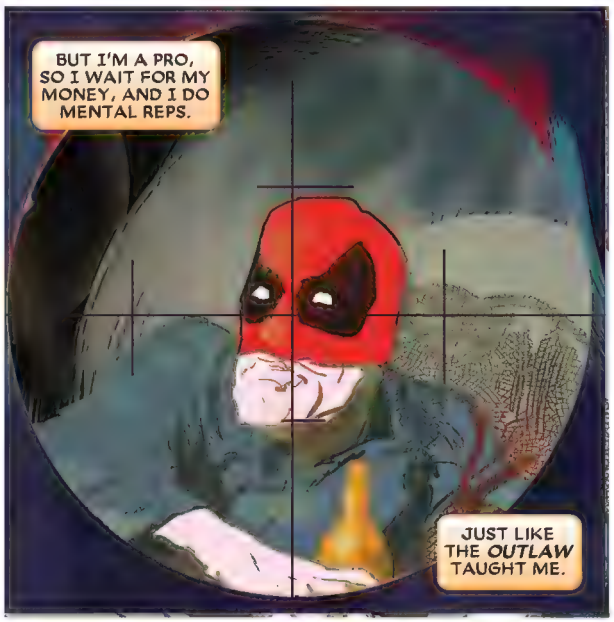
OOOO... MONKEYS.


WITH A SINGLE SHOT, I COULD CHANGE THE WORLD.

END TERROR IN OUR LIFETIME.

MAKE CHILDREN FEEL SAFE AT NIGHT.




BUT I'M A PRO, SO I WAIT FOR MY MONEY, AND I DO MENTAL REPS.
JUST LIKE THE *OUTLAW* TAUGHT ME.

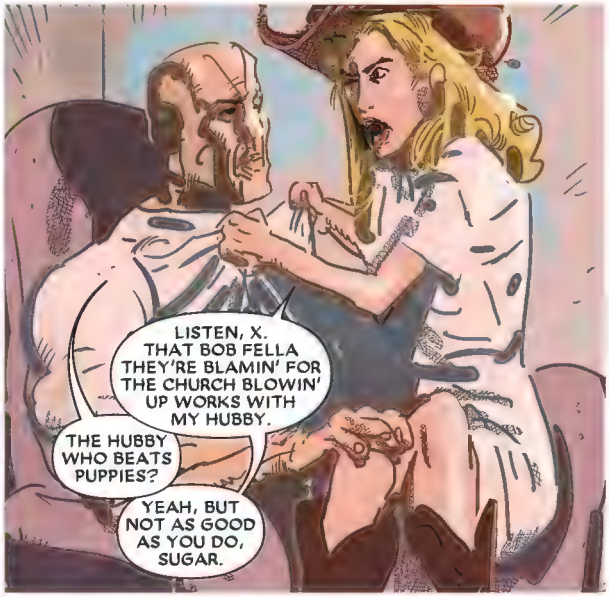
THERE'S NONE BETTER ON THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNTY HUNTER CIRCUIT.
SHE TOLD ME THAT HERSELF.
YEEEHAW!
BITCH!
OUT OF THE HUDDLED MASSES, SHE CHOSE ME.
SHE SAID SHE WOULD MAKE ME THE GREATEST KILLER IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.
UH... ME?
SHE WHIPPED ME INTO SHAPE.

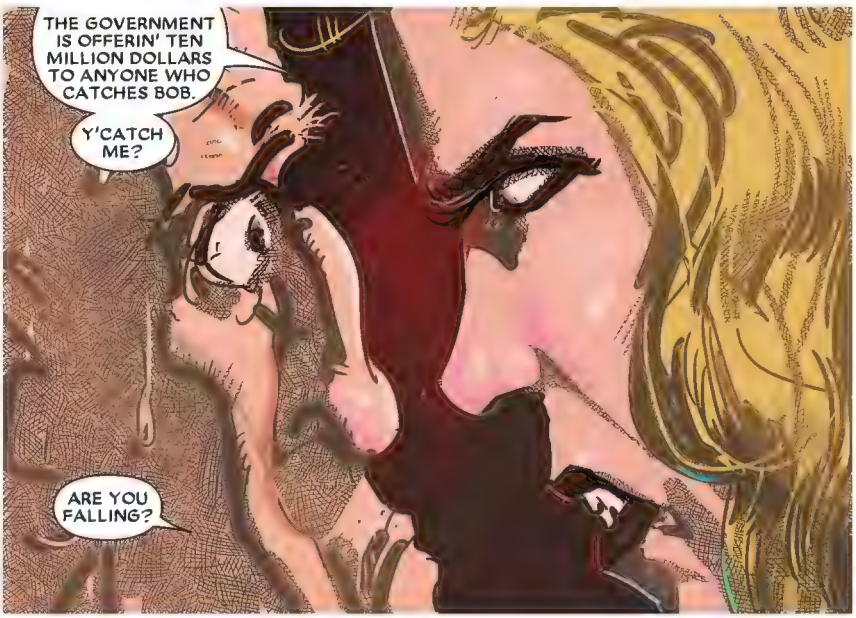
SHE TAUGHT ME TO FIGHT.
TO HUNT.
TO TRACK.
TO KILL.
AND TO LOVE.
I TOLD HER I'D DO ANYTHING FOR HER LOVE.
SHE TOLD ME I WAS TOO PRETTY.

MAN ALIVE, THAT GREASE HURT LIKE HELL.
SHE PUT THE X IN WITH A PLASTIC BUTTER KNIFE.
SAID IT WAS MY X-FACTOR.
MADE ME EVEN BETTER THAN HER HUSBAND, SHE SAID.
YEEEEE-HAAWWWWWW!
YEAH, SHE'S MARRIED.
THAT THERE'S HER HUSBAND. "WADE," SHE CALLS HIM.
"WADE THIS" AND "WADE THAT."
YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE THINGS I WANT TO DO TO HIM.

BUT I HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE MONEY.
BECAUSE OUTLAW TAUGHT ME TO BE A PRO ABOVE ALL ELSE.
PLUS SHE REALLY WANTS SHITLOADS OF CASH.
OUTLAW COOKED UP THE WHOLE GENIUS PLAN.
WELL, SHEEE-IT, HONEY PIE, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?
WHAT?
THE STATE DEPARTMENT HAS CONFIRMED THE TERRORIST KNOWN AS HYDRA BOB IS RESPONSIBLE FOR BLOWING UP THE CRYSTAL CHURCH, KILLING OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED PARISHIONERS.
THAT THERE CHURCH GONE DONE AND GOT ITSELF BLOWED UP.
I HATE CHURCHES.
IT WAS TRUE. I HAD AN EPISODE IN A CHURCH.

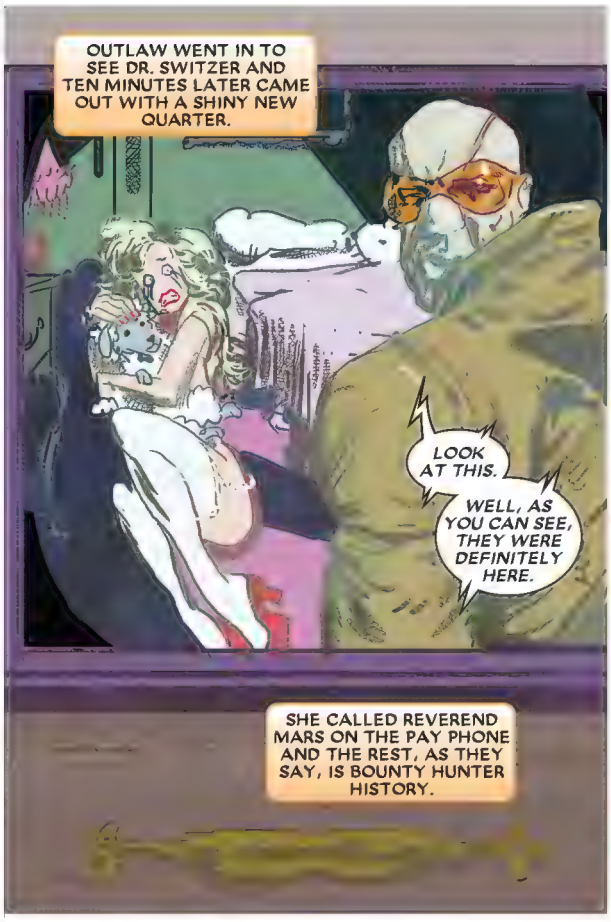
AHHHHHHHHH!


LISTEN, X. THAT BOB FELLA THEY'RE BLAMIN' FOR THE CHURCH BLOWIN' UP WORKS WITH MY HUBBY.
THE HUBBY WHO BEATS PUPPIES?
YEAH, BUT NOT AS GOOD AS YOU DO, SUGAR.


THE GOVERNMENT IS OFFERIN' TEN MILLION DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO CATCHES BOB.
Y'CATCH ME?
ARE YOU FALLING?

NO, DUMBASS. IF YOU ESCAPE AND GO *KILL* BOB AND MY HUBBY, WE'LL HAVE *TEN MILLION DOLLARS.*
AND YOU CAN COME BACK HERE AND PAY OFF DOCTOR LOLLIPOP AND GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

I THOUGHT IT WAS DR. SWITZER THAT RAN THIS PLACE.
TO YEW, HE'S DR. SWITZER. TO ME, HE'S DR. JOYTOY.
PO-TAY-TO, PO-TAH-TO.
WE ONLY HAVE ONE PROBLEM.
WHAT'S THAT?
IF WE GIVE DR. YUMYUM THE TEN MILLION, WE'LL BE BROKE.
THAT'S OKAY, BABY. WE HAVE OUR LOVE TO KEEP US WARM.
AND WITH MY TRAINING, I BET I CAN ROB ANY TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR CONVENIENCE STORE IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY.
SCREW THAT, SUGAR. I DON'T LOVE YOU AT ALL. IF I'M GONNA BE HAPPY, I DONE NEED AT LEAST FIFTY MILLION.
NOT A DIME LESS.
NOT A DIME?
NOT EVEN A QUARTER.
FIFTY MILLION. SHIT, SWEETIE, WHERE AM I GOING TO GET THAT KIND OF DOUGH?
I SWEAR BY THE ALMIGHTY, THE CRYSTAL SHIP SHALL NOT SINK.
AND WE WILL SPARE NO EXPENSE TO METE OUT GOD'S MIGHTY RETRIBUTION TO THESE UNHOLY TERRORISTS...


OUTLAW WENT IN TO SEE DR. SWITZER AND TEN MINUTES LATER CAME OUT WITH A SHINY NEW QUARTER.
LOOK AT THIS.
WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY WERE DEFINITELY HERE.
SHE CALLED REVEREND MARS ON THE PAY PHONE AND THE REST, AS THEY SAY, IS BOUNTY HUNTER HISTORY.

I FOUND I WAS REAL GOOD AT TRACKING FOLKS DOWN.
WELL, WE'VE ENTERED THE BROTHEL AND SEARCHED THE SINFUL HARLOT'S ROOM.
AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE BOB'S PREFERRED PORNOGRAPHY LEFT BEHIND.

AND BEFORE HIS UNFORTUNATE TRIPPING ACCIDENT DURING THE COMMERCIAL BREAK...
...THIS HERE PIMP CONFESSED THAT BOB AND HIS ASSOCIATE WERE HERE JUST TWO DAYS AGO.
BECAUSE WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT, I REALLY LIKED TO HURT THE SHIT OUT OF PEOPLE.

WHEN WE COME BACK ON "HAMMER OF JUSTICE," WE'LL SEE IF ANY OF THESE ACCIDENT-PRONE SINNERS MIGHT CONSIDER LETTING THE LORD INTO THEIR LIVES.
HEH. I'VE BEEN TO THAT BROTHEL. THAT'S BENNY AND PUMPKIN.
HI, BENNY! HI, PUMPKIN!

JUST BEAT IT. JUST BEAT IT...
BOB, YOU GOTTA SEE THIS SHOW. IT'S AWESOME.
THIS GUY'S BEEN EVERYWHERE WE HAVE.
SO COOL...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BOY?!
W-WEASEL.
WEASEL? HOW 'BOUT THAT, FOLKS? THESE NUMBSKULLS LABEL THEMSELVES NOW.
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T GET OL' WEASEL HERE TO LIVE UP TO HIS NAME.
IT'S WEASEL!
BOB! HURRY UP! THIS IS THE BEST SHOW EVER!
GOOD PEOPLE.
GOOD CHRISTIAN PEOPLE. WON'T YOU HELP US OUT?
WE ARE ONLY A FEW SHORT...UM...TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS FROM OUR GOAL.
50,0
TOGETHER, WE CAN HELP AGENT X COMPLETE GOD'S WORK.
AND ASSURE OURSELVES A PLACE IN HEAVEN.

WON'T YOU CALL? WON'T YOU PLEASE PLEDGE TEN, FIFTEEN, TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS?
HAMMER OF JUSTICE TELETHON. HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY TO GET INTO HEAVEN?
TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS!
WHAT THE HELL IS ALL THE YELLING?
HOT DOG! WE DID IT!
WE REACHED OUR FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR GOAL!
QUICK! WHAT'S THE PIN CODE FOR THE BLACK OPS ACCOUNT?!
WADE, THEY CAN TRACK US IF WE USE THAT.

OH... OKAY...HOW MUCH DO WE HAVE IN THE BANK?!
WE HAVE NO BANK ACCOUNT. WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
I JUST PLEDGED TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS TO HELP THE WORLD'S COOLEST BOUNTY HUNTER WITH A BIG "X" CARVED IN HIS SKULL TRACK AND KILL SOME TERRORIST NAMED BOB!
UH...
SHIT, MAN, GET ON THE FLOOR, NOW!
BRATATATATATATATATATATAT

RATATATATAT

SORRY, BOB. SORRY.
MY FAULT.

POW
POW
POW

DIE, ASSHOLE!

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE.
OKAY.
POP
AHHHH!
HOLD STILL!

SHUK

HUNNN...

CRAP!
SORRY, MAN. I WAS A FAN. A REAL FAN.

WELL, SCREW YOU.

YOU DON'T DESERVE HER..

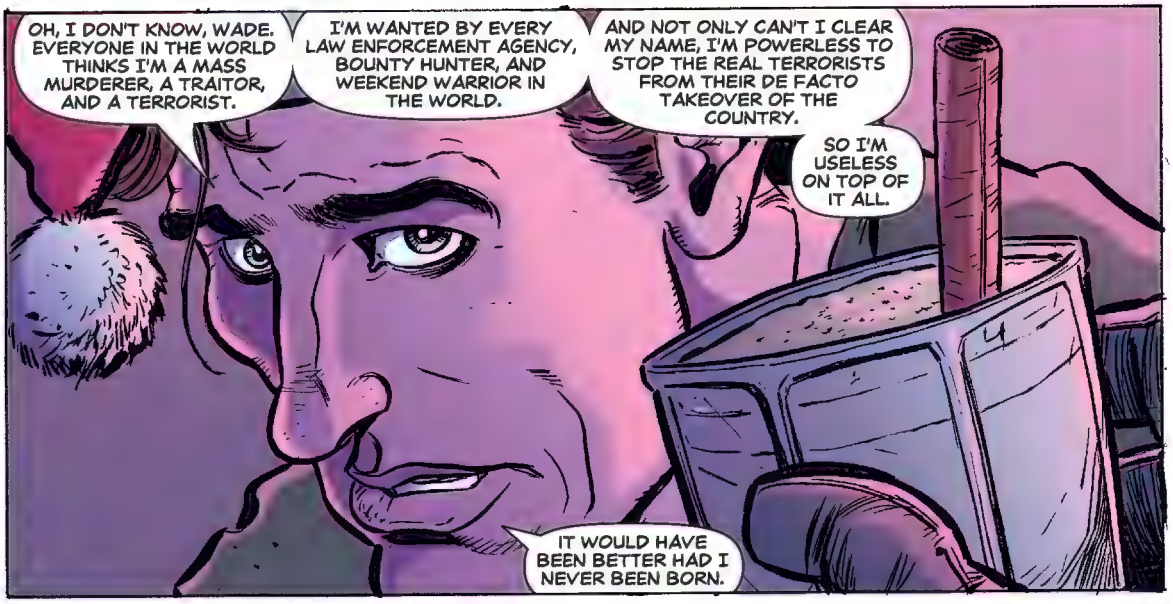
WADE, ARE YOU...
...OKAY?
ARE-- ARE THOSE THINGS ON?
A LARGE NAKED MAN AT THE CENTER OF A LOVE TRIANGLE AND CLAIMING TO BE THE TERRORIST KNOW AS BOB, PROCLAIMED HIMSELF THE VICTIM OF A GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY AND DECLARED HIS INNOCENCE ON LIVE TV BEFORE HOPPING INTO A WHEELCHAIR AND BEING PUSHED OFF INTO THE NIGHT BY HIS COSTUMED LOVER.
THE STATE DEPARTMENT CALLED THE ENTIRE SITUATION "LAUGHABLE" AND DECLINED FURTHER COMMENT.

DEADPOOL MAX-MAS

VALENTINE HOTEL, DECEMBER 24th...
VALENTINE HOTEL
HOURLY RATES
HOTEL
HOTEL
BOB.
BOB.

BOB.
BOB.
BOB.

IT'S THE HOLIDAY SEASON, BOB. A TIME FOR MERRIMENT AND GOOD CHEER.
TALK TO ME. LEST YOU BECOME CONSTIPATED AND YOUR JOHN THOMAS EXPLODES TO MAKE WAY FOR THE POOP BACKLOG.
SURELY NOTHING'S SO BAD AS THAT?


OH, I DON'T KNOW, WADE. EVERYONE IN THE WORLD THINKS I'M A MASS MURDERER, A TRAITOR, AND A TERRORIST.
I'M WANTED BY EVERY LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY, BOUNTY HUNTER, AND WEEKEND WARRIOR IN THE WORLD.
AND NOT ONLY CAN'T I CLEAR MY NAME, I'M POWERLESS TO STOP THE REAL TERRORISTS FROM THEIR DE FACTO TAKEOVER OF THE COUNTRY.
SO I'M USELESS ON TOP OF IT ALL.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER HAD I NEVER BEEN BORN.

AWW, BOB, DON'T SAY THAT. YOU'RE IMPORTANT. YOU'RE UNIQUE.
IF YOU HADN'T BEEN BORN. THERE'S BE SOME OTHER POOR GUY IN THAT CHAIR NAMED SAM WHO'D BE SAYING THE EXACT SAME THING AS YOU.
WHO'S SAM?
FORGET SAM, BOB. SAM'S A CHUMP. I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE HAD YOU NEVER EXISTED.
I GOT THE IDEA FROM AN OLD MOVIE. I HAD TO MODIFY THE CONCEPT A BIT BECAUSE I COULDN'T REALLY MAKE YOU UNBORN.
KLIK
SO I KILLED YOU INSTEAD!
IT'S OFFICIAL. BOB, THE MASS MURDERING TERRORIST AND MASTERMIND BEHIND THE CINCINNATI DISASTER AND CRYSTAL CHURCH BOMBING, IS CONFIRMED DEAD.
THE C.I.A. HAS CONFIRMED THROUGH DNA TESTING, WITH A 99.9% CERTAINTY THAT THE MAN DISCOVERED IN THE BURNED CAR WRECKAGE IS IN FACT BOB.
BOB DEAD
WHO IS THAT, REALLY?
HIS NAME IS SAM.
DON'T WORRY I BOUGHT HIM FROM THE MORGUE.
I SLIPPED YOU A SLEEPING PILL LAST NIGHT AND DRAINED OFF A COUPLE PINTS OF BLOOD--HERE'S A COOKIE BY THE WAY.
THEN I BURNED UP THE BODY AND HAD A MORTICIAN FRIEND REPLACE HIS BLOOD WITH YOURS FOR THE DNA TEST.
Y'KNOW, WADE, THIS IS PROBABLY NOT SO BAD.
IF I'M DEAD, THEN NO MORE MANHUNTS, OR WANTED POSTERS. NO MORE TV SPECIALS EMBARRASSING MY MOM AND DAD.
I'M FREE. FINALLY FREE.

AWW, JEEZ, BOB, GROW UP. THEY'LL SEE THROUGH A HACK JOB LIKE THAT AS SOON AS THEY DO THE AUTOPSY.
WE GOT TWELVE HOURS AT BEST BEFORE THE G-MEN ARE BACK UP YOUR ASS LOOKING FOR HOFFA'S GRAVE.
HERE. PUT THIS ON.
WE'RE GOING UNDERCOVER.
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA...
HO, HO, HO!
HO, HO, HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD BLIGHT!
WADE, WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING?
SNEAKING INTO THE LOWER LEVELS OF C.I.A HQ, BOB. BRINGING PRESENTS AND HOLIDAY CHEER TO ALL GOOD, LITTLE SECRET INTELLIGENCE AGENTS.
THERE'S ONE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. I CAN FEEL IT.

COURSE THEY COULD BE AT THE COFFEE SHOP ACROSS THE STREET. SANTA'S NAUGHTY AND NICE DETECTOR WORKS THROUGH WALLS.
SURE IT DOES.

SUB LEVEL SIX. *THE DEADPOOL.*
SO HOW IS IT WE SPENT MONTHS NOT ABLE TO GET IN THIS PLACE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES?
AND TODAY YOU JUST WALTZ US RIGHT IN?

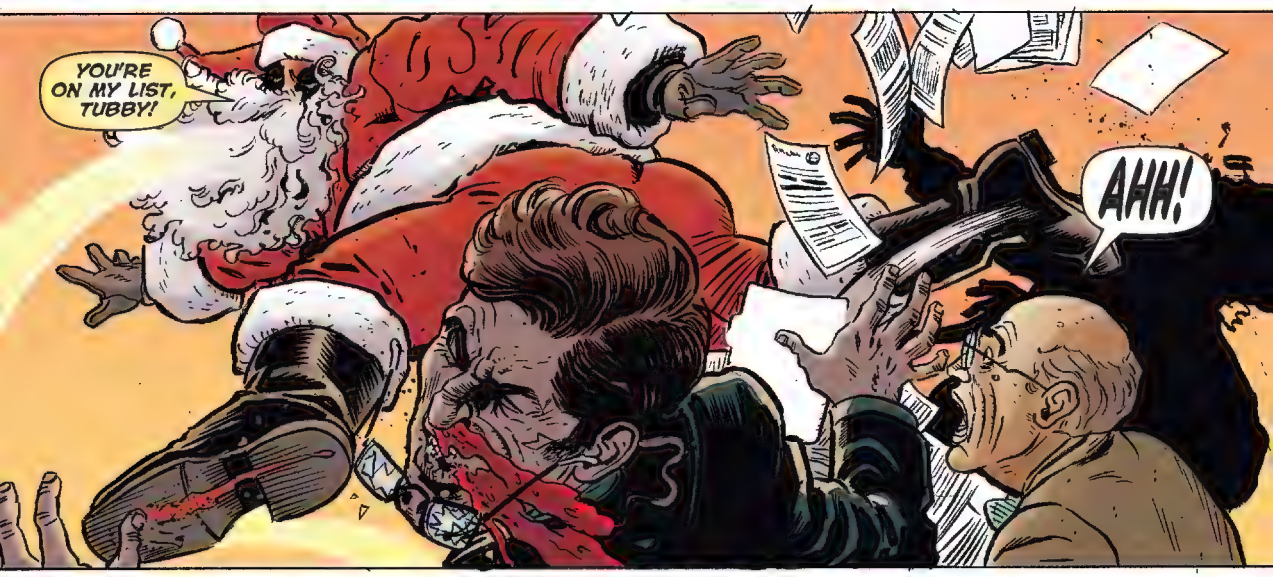
IN SANTA SUITS NO LESS!
YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE CAN'T BE *TWO* SANTAS. THAT'S A DEAD GIVEAWAY.
QUICK, TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF.

BUT I'M WEARING--
QUICK!
JESUS...

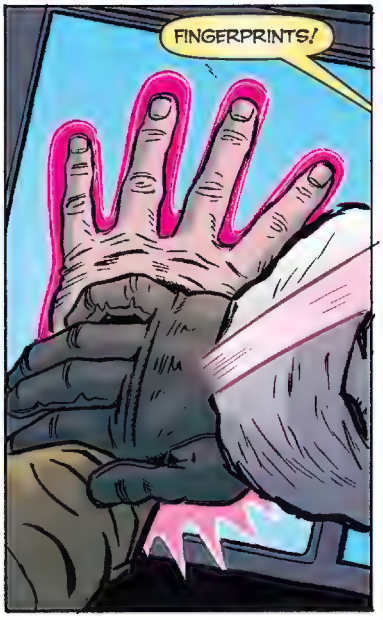
I'M IN MY BOXERS, WADE.

NOW YOU'RE A PRESENT FOR A BORED HOUSEWIFE.

GREAT. NOW WHAT?
SECTION 6 SECTION
WAIT!
NAUGHTY BOYS COMING.
RETINAL SCAN SOOOO

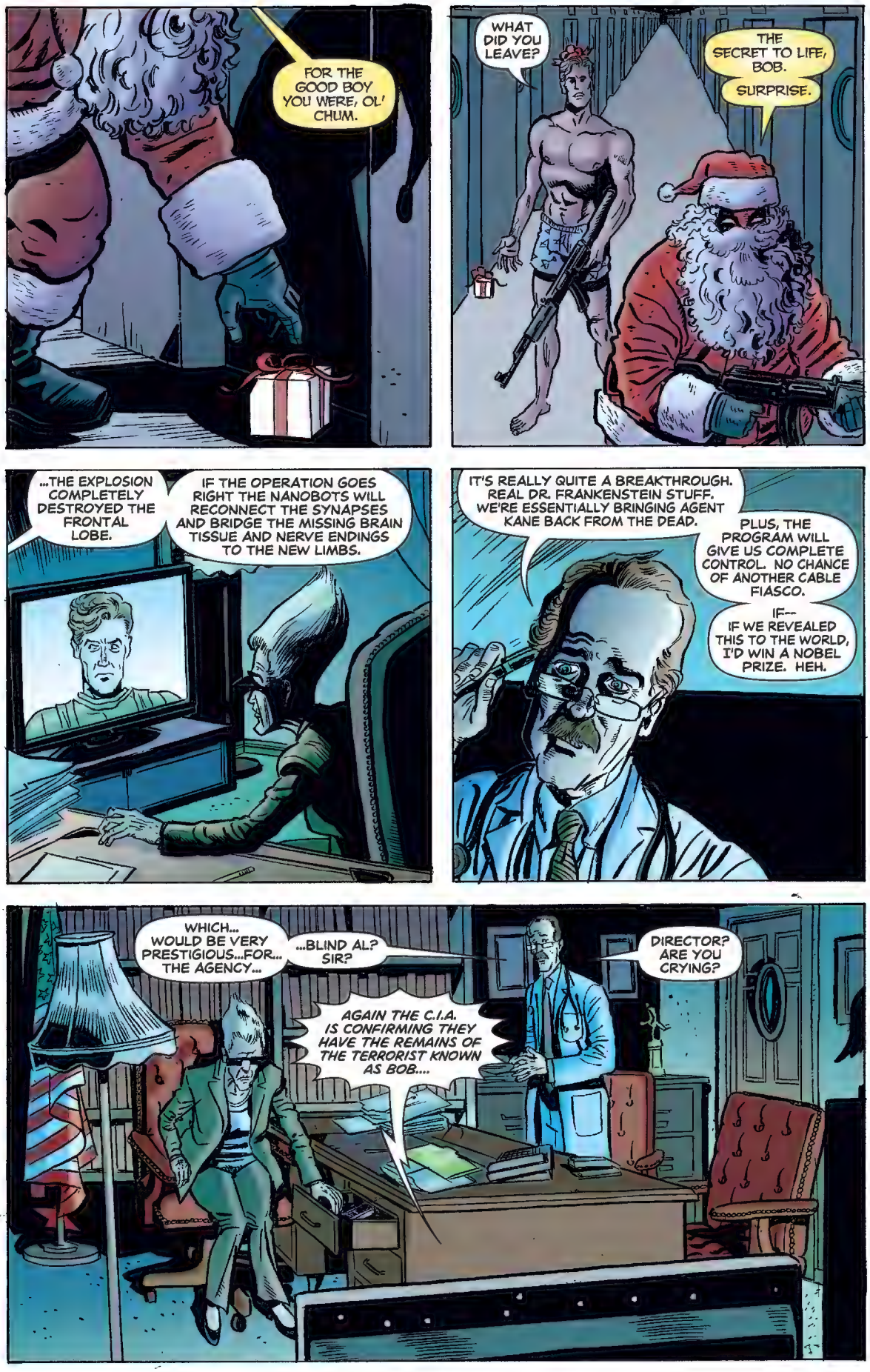

YOU'RE ON MY LIST, TUBBY!
AHH!

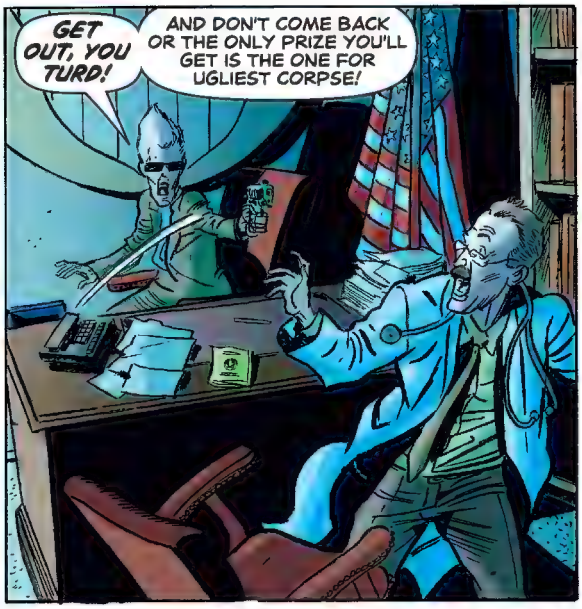
RETINAL!


FINGERPRINTS!

CODE!
BEEP
BEEP
BOOP
BOOP
BEEP

THEY DON'T MAKE CHIMNEYS LIKE THEY USED TO.
SECTION 6
AHHH- AHHHHHHHHH- AH-AH--
5
AHHHHHHHHHH--
AHHHH- AHHHHHH!
AHHHHHHHHH!
AHHHHHHHHH--
AHH, KANE. I KNEW THEE WELL.


FOR THE GOOD BOY YOU WERE, OL' CHUM.
WHAT DID YOU LEAVE?
THE SECRET TO LIFE, BOB.
SURPRISE.
...THE EXPLOSION COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE FRONTAL LOBE.
IF THE OPERATION GOES RIGHT THE NANOBOTS WILL RECONNECT THE SYNAPSES AND BRIDGE THE MISSING BRAIN TISSUE AND NERVE ENDINGS TO THE NEW LIMBS.
IT'S REALLY QUITE A BREAKTHROUGH. REAL DR. FRANKENSTEIN STUFF. WE'RE ESSENTIALLY BRINGING AGENT KANE BACK FROM THE DEAD.
PLUS, THE PROGRAM WILL GIVE US COMPLETE CONTROL. NO CHANCE OF ANOTHER CABLE FIASCO.
IF--- IF WE REVEALED THIS TO THE WORLD, I'D WIN A NOBEL PRIZE. HEH.
WHICH... WOULD BE VERY PRESTIGIOUS...FOR... THE AGENCY...
...BLIND AL? SIR?
DIRECTOR? ARE YOU CRYING?
AGAIN THE C.I.A. IS CONFIRMING THEY HAVE THE REMAINS OF THE TERRORIST KNOWN AS BOB....


GET OUT, YOU TURD!
AND DON'T COME BACK OR THE ONLY PRIZE YOU'LL GET IS THE ONE FOR UGLIEST CORPSE!

DAMN YOU BOB...
:SNIFF:

SEE?
I NEVER KNEW I MEANT SO MUCH TO HER.

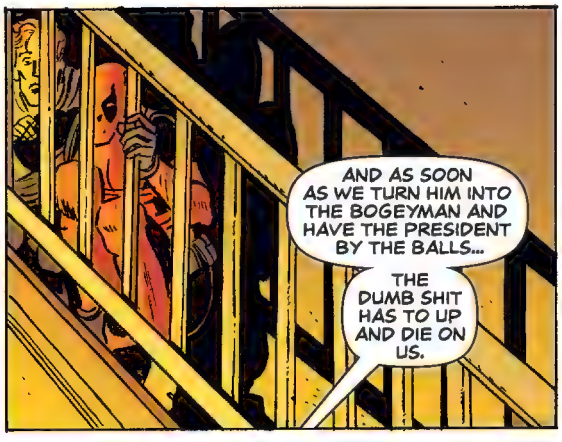
BESS, HOLD ALL MY CALLS AND CANCEL THE MEETING WITH THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.
I DON'T FEEL WELL. I'M GOING HOME.

:SNIFF:

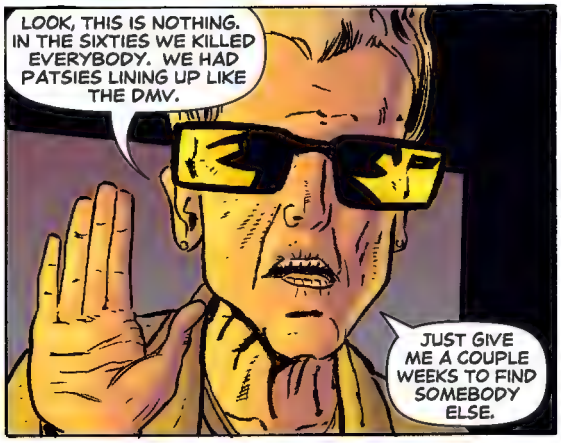
IS THAT HER HOUSE?
THAT'S HER HOUSE.
SANTA LIKES HER HOUSE.

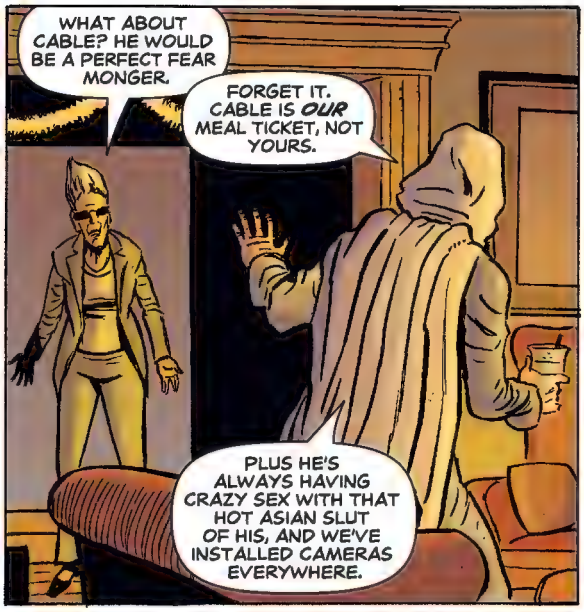
IS IT TRUE?
IT'S TRUE.

WE SPENT YEARS SETTING THIS UP. KEEPING THAT MORON IN THE SYSTEM. LETTING HIM FUCK UP MISSION AFTER MISSION.
ASSIGNING HIM OUR BEST AGENT JUST TO KEEP HIM ALIVE.


AND AS SOON AS WE TURN HIM INTO THE BOGEYMAN AND HAVE THE PRESIDENT BY THE BALLS...
THE DUMB SHIT HAS TO UP AND DIE ON US.

WORD ON THE STREET IS CONGRESS IS GOING TO DEEP SIX YOUR TRILLION DOLLAR APPROPRIATIONS BILL.


LOOK, THIS IS NOTHING. IN THE SIXTIES WE KILLED EVERYBODY. WE HAD PATSIES LINING UP LIKE THE DMV.
JUST GIVE ME A COUPLE WEEKS TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE.


WHAT ABOUT CABLE? HE WOULD BE A PERFECT FEAR MONGER.
FORGET IT. CABLE IS *OUR* MEAL TICKET, NOT YOURS.
PLUS HE'S ALWAYS HAVING CRAZY SEX WITH THAT HOT ASIAN SLUT OF HIS, AND WE'VE INSTALLED CAMERAS EVERYWHERE.

CHECK THIS. FOURTEEN MILLION SUBSCRIBERS. NINETEEN NINETY-NINE PER MONTH.
FUCK YOUR APPROPRIATIONS. THAT'S *REAL* MONEY.
TOOHOTFO CABLE.COM

TAKING OVER THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE, BUT I THINK WE'LL GO BACK TO KEEPING THE MIDDLE EAST A FLAMING CAULDRON OF VIOLENCE.
I'M AFRAID THIS RELATIONSHIP IS AT AN END.

GOOD NOG BY THE WAY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS.
BUT...

SEE THAT, BOB, WITH YOU GONE ALL THEIR PLANS OF WORLD DOMINATION ARE IN RUINS.
MILLIONS OF LIVES HAVE POTENTIALLY BEEN SAVED.

STILL THINK YOU'RE USELESS AND UNIMPORTANT, BOB? I THINK NOT...

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN...
I HAD A LITTLE DREIDEL...
THIS IS CRAZY, WADE. TRYING TO SNEAK INTO CABLE'S SECRET LAIR DRESSED LIKE THIS?
IT'S THE HOLIDAY SEASON, BOB. WHAT BETTER WAY TO BLEND IN THAN TO ENJOY!
HANUKKAH, OH HANUKKAH, COME LIGHT THE MENORAH!
WADE. I LIKE BEING PRETEND DEAD. I DON'T WANT TO BE REAL DEAD.
CAN WE PIPE DOWN? AND PLEASE TAKE OFF THE YARMULKE. PEOPLE ARE STARING.
NO ONE'S STARING.
YES THEY ARE.
WE DON'T EXIST, BOB. THEY'RE STARING AT THE STONING OF THE HARLOT.

NO THEY'RE NO--
SHE MADE ME DO IT!
OWW!
MAYBE WE REALLY DON'T EXIST?
HMM...
ONE OF EIGHT...!
OKAY, WADE, OL' PAL. TEACH ME THAT SONG--
ISRAELITE!
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!
WADE!

FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS, BABY!
HA!
GAHH!
KURRP..
CHNK
DIE, JUDEO-CHRISTIAN GREED MONGER!
BOO-YAHH!
POP POP
SHAK
SCROOGE!!!
BOB! YOU GO ON AHEAD AND LEARN YOUR NEXT HOLIDAY LESSON!
I'LL CATCH UP.

TOOHOTFORCABLE.COM
LIVE CAMS! MULTIPLE ANGLES! KAMA SUTRA IN TOO HOT ACTION!
$19.99/MONTH
:SNIFF:
NNNUHH... OH, BOB... :SNIFF:
OH, BOB. I TRIED TO WARN YOU. I TRIED TO LOVE YOU.
:SNIFF:
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE FLAWED.
MURDERER-DEATH
TERRORIST BOB DEAD

BUT THIS...
DEATH TOLL STOPS AT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND AS BUTCHER MEETS HIS END
NO, NO, NO...
DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP TOO HARD, COLLEEN.
OH, CABLE. IT'S YOU.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU TRIED TO WARN ME. BUT I LOVED HIM. I--
LOVE CLOUDED YOUR JUDGMENT, TRUE. LEARN FROM THIS, COLLEEN LIU. THERE WILL NOT BE ROOM FOR SUCH ERRORS IN THE DARK TIMES AHEAD.
:SNIFF: Y-YOU'RE RIGHT.
NOW, WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST IMPRESSION OF BOB?
TH-THAT HE WAS AN IDIOT.
HUH?
VERY GOOD. YOUR INSTINCTS WERE TRUE. NOW WHY DIDN'T YOU HEED THEM?

BECAUSE THE SEX WAS GREAT.
HEH.
COLLEEN...

OKAY, BECAUSE I THOUGHT I COULD USE AND MANIPULATE HIM TO HELP ME TURN THE TABLES ON THE AGENCY.
AHH. NOW, WHAT WENT WRONG? WHY DID YOU FALL IN "LOVE"--
--OR MORE CORRECTLY, WHY DID YOU DEVELOP A DEPENDENCY ON BOB?

BECAUSE... THE SEX--
NO...
--BECAUSE HE WAS REALLY AN EVIL TERRORIST MASTERMIND WHO LIED TO AND MANIPULATED ME TO ACHIEVE HIS OWN PSYCHOTIC ENDS.

I HOPE HE ROTS IN THE BURNING FIRES OF HELL.
NO... I--
--CAN WE GO BACK TO THAT PART ABOUT ME BEING AN IDIOT?

OH, GAWD!
BWAHHHH!
DO YOU REQUIRE FURTHER THERAPY?

CAN...SNIFF... WE DO NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR?

OF COURSE. BUT FIRST NUMBER SIXTEEN, TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR SALTY TEARS.
OH, JESUS.
CABLE, YOUR SO B-- OH!
OHHHHHH.....
HEH...
THANK ALLAH FOR NUMBER SIXTEEN...
OH. OH, GOD. OH. OH, GOD. OH. OH, GOD. OH. OH, GOD. OH. OH, GOD...
WAHWAHWAHWAHWAHWAHWAH!...
GRNT

C-COLLEEN... C--
NUUHHHHUHH HUHHHUHH...
C-COLL...? C--
COL-- AHH!
UNNN?
WADE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, BOB?
LOOK. YOU KNOW AND I KNOW. THE CRESCENT MOON KNIGHTS ARE MANIPULATING THEM TO ACQUIRE WMD'S.
WHATEVER ELSE IS GOING ON, I LOVE COLLEEN AND HAVE TO WARN HER.
SHE DOESN'T LOVE YOU.
YES, SHE DOES. SHE'S JUST CONFUSED.
OH, FUCK THAT EVIL PIECE OF SHIT, BOB.

PROMISE RING, HUH?
FUCK YOUR PROMISE RING.
PARIS? ROME? MADRID?
REYKJAVIK...
LIES, ALL LIES.
AND THIS!...
I GAVE HER THAT. THAT'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR SIX GENERATIONS.
PROBABLY BOUGHT IT FOR FIFTY CENTS AT A CONVENIENCE STORE.

CABLE.
YES, COLLEEN.
REV UP THOSE BIONICS AND GIVE ME NUMBER FIFTY-TWO!
HARD!
VVVZZZZZZZ
WOW. ANY GUY WHO BREAKS A GIRL'S HEART SO BAD SHE'D DO THAT MUST BE MIGHTY SPECIAL.
CH-CHT
BOB?
BOB, WHAT ARE YOU--
KLUNK
UNGH!...

OHHHH...
RED SOX
BOSTON
HUH? WADE? WHAT THE HELL...?
IS THIS--?
SURE IS, BOB. IT'S YOUR OLD ROOM!
WHAT BETTER PLACE TO CELEBRATE THE HOLIDAYS AND FIND OUT HOW DEVASTATING YOUR DEATH TRULY IS THAN TO COME HOME TO MOM AND DAD'S!
YOUR FOLKS ARE OUT BUT I'M SURE THEY'LL BE HOME ANY MINUTE.
WADE. WHAT THE HELL? COULD YOU MAKE ME ANY MORE RECOGNIZABLE AS A WANTED TERRORIST?
SORRY ABOUT THAT, BOB. YOU WERE OUT FOR A REALLY LONG TIME AND YOU KINDA CRAPPED YOUR OTHER CLOTHES.
I NEED TO FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO PUT ON--
WAIT.
CAR.
THEY'RE HOME.

OH, MY GOD!
I KNOW, HONEY, I KNOW.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
I KNOW.
WHO KNEW GOVERNMENT DEATH BENEFITS WERE SO... BIG.
YOU'RE KIDDING? ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I NEED A MARTINI.
THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO PAY THE BACK TAXES, KEEP ME OUT OF JAIL FOR THAT PYRAMID SCHEME, AND--
GO TO FIJI!
WELL, JEEZ. THAT WAS A BUST.
LET'S SPLIT. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT TO SHOW YOU.
THANKS FOR DYING, SON!
THAT WORTHLESS SHIT FINALLY MADE GOOD!
HA HA HA HA HA

CHRISTMAS
Savannah Home for the Insane
WADE...
MERRY X-MAS
...WHY ARE WE AT A MENTAL FACILITY DRESSED FOR KWANZAA?
LAST TIME I WAS HERE INEZ HAD BECOME A BLACK PANTHER. TO CELEBRATE HER WAKANDIAN ROOTS.
AHH...SO THIS IS WHERE INEZ IS INCARCERATED?
S.GIBNER
THE WORD IS COMMITTED, BOB.
AND YES, THIS IS WHERE MY WIFE AND CHILD ARE CURRENTLY STAYING. WE SAW YOUR FAMILY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
NOT MY FAULT THEY DON'T LIKE YOU.
NUMBER FIFTEEN! GIVE IT TO ME, HARDER! HARDER!
I JUST... DON'T SEE HOW THIS HELPS ME.
YOU'RE SO SELF-CENTERED, BOB.
I AM NOT SELF-CENTERED. I JUST THOUGHT THE WHOLE POINT OF THIS EXERCISE WAS TO SHOW ME HOW VITAL AND IMPORTANT I AM TO THE WORLD.

LISTEN UP, YOU LITTLE FUCKERS! WE GOT LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS TILL THE MAIN EVENT AND YOU LAZY TURDS BETTER START STEPPING IT UP!
CUZ CHRISTMAS WAITS FOR NO MAN AND SANTA'S GONNA BE MIGHTY PISSED OFF IF SHE DISAPPOINTS THEM KIDDIES!
KRAK
KRAK
I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE WAS A BLACK PANTHER.
INEZ?...
SANTA!
I WANT A DUMP TRUCK. AND A BIKE. AND A CAN OF BUG SPRAY. AND A RED RYDER--
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
SANTA, IT'S ME! THE APPLE OF YOUR EYE.
MRS. CLAUS.

ARE YOU SEEING WHAT WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH?
OTHER HOLIDAYS THINKING THEY'RE BETTER THAN US?
KRAK
WE HAVE TO WORK HARDER. WE HAVE TO SHOW PEOPLE THAT CHRISTMAS IS BEST.
ONLY SANTA CAN BRING LOVE AND JOY TO CHILDREN'S FACES.
ONLY SANTA CAN SEE INTO THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS AND DETERMINE GUILT OR INNOCENCE WITHOUT DUE PROCESS!
AND ONLY SANTA HAS THE SPEED AND STAMINA TO DELIVER A GLOCK 9MM TO EVERY GIRL AND BOY IN THE STAR SYSTEM!!!
UHH... YOU KINDA LOST ME THERE, INEZ.
DON'T CALL ME INEZ!
I'M SANTA CLAWZ! THE ANGRIEST BITCH THIS SIDE OF THE NORTH POLE!
AND I DECLARE WAR ON ALL HOLIDAYS THAT ENCROACH ON MY SEASON!
ELVES! TIE UP THIS HOLIDAY-CONFUSED INFIDEL AND PREPARE TO TEST THE TOYS!
HONEY! WE NEVER NEEDED TOYS BEFORE.

BANG! BANG!
UH... HONEY?
DEAREST?
REMEMBER WADE JR., OUR PRIDE AND JOY? WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO GROW UP WITHOUT A DADDY, WOULD WE?
BANG!
BANG
WADE JR. IS DEAD.
"SOME CHILDREN TOOK HIM TO 'PLAY'.
"I FOUND HIM TORN TO PIECES. CHEWING GUM IN HIS JOINTS.
"HIS GOOD EYE SCRATCHED OUT."
NOW SANTA'S GOING TO GIVE THE KIDDIES GUNS.
THEN I'M GOING TO SIT BACK AND USE MY ALL-SEEING SANTA POWERS TO WATCH THEM BLOW THEIR GOOD EYES OUT.
HO! HO! HO! HO! HO!

BANG!
HAVEN'T YOU TWERPS GOT THIS RIGHT YET?
CAN'T STOP THE RAIN, BABY.
TRY THIS.
I'M THE NEW GUY.
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU BEFORE.
YOU READY TO DIE, WADE?
YOU WOULDN'T DARE.
BANG!
AHHHH!
SUCCESS!
MAKE ONE BILLION OF THESE.
WE LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES.

WISH ME LUCK, MY FAITHFUL ELVES.
TOMORROW, ALL THE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD WILL WAKE UP AND SHOOT THEMSELVES IN THE FACE.
CHRISTMAS WILL DIE.
WAIT!
CHRISTMAS, HANUKKAH, KWANZAA-- ALL THE HOLIDAYS-- AREN'T ABOUT REVENGE OR HATE OR SHOOTING KIDS' EYES. THEY'RE ABOUT SHARING AND SPREADING JOY.
THEY'RE ABOUT APPRECIATING WHAT YOU *HAVE*, NOT WHAT YOU *DON'T*.
I HAVE NOTHING.
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
YOU HAVE THIS.
--WADE JR. HE'S BACK.
WADE JR.
WHAT IS IT?
THE SECRET TO LIFE.
A SURPRISE.

MY BABY... MY PRECIOUS ONE...
DON'T GET HIM WET.
WADE. YOU'RE A TRUE SANTA CLAUS. YOU GAVE HER HER PURPOSE BACK AND YOU'VE GIVEN ME MINE, TOO.
YOU'VE SHOWN ME THAT NEARLY EVERYONE I'VE EVER COME IN CONTACT WITH IN MY ENTIRE LIFE WOULD BE FAR, FAR BETTER OFF WITHOUT ME.
EVERYONE EXCEPT YOU, WADE.
YOU'D BE DEAD.
DEAD?
SOMEBODY'S GOT A SUPERIORITY COMPLEX....
IF I HAD PULLED THE TRIGGER FIVE MINUTES AGO, YOUR BRAINS WOULD HAVE BEEN SPLATTERED ALL OVER THAT WALL.
I WOULD HAVE CAUGHT THE BULLET IN MY TEETH.
FACE IT.
YOU NEED ME.
YEAH, LIKE I NEED ANOTHER HOLE IN MY HEAD.
I OFFERED YOU THAT. YOU CHICKENED OUT.
HEY! THEY'RE NOT ELVES. IT'S THEM KWANUKKAH GUYS!

AND IN OTHER NEWS, PROOF THAT GOOD NEWS DIES HARD! IN A TERRIBLE TWIST OF FATE, IT TURNS OUT THAT HYDRA BOB IS OFFICIALLY NOT DEAD.
THIS WAS CONFIRMED AFTER SECURITY CAMERAS CAUGHT HIM INCITING A GROUP OF MENTALLY DERANGED PATIENTS TO DISPERSE GUNS TO CHILDREN...
OWW!
STOP THAT.
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BEST HOLIDAY SEASON EVER!
Merry dead holidays!

#5

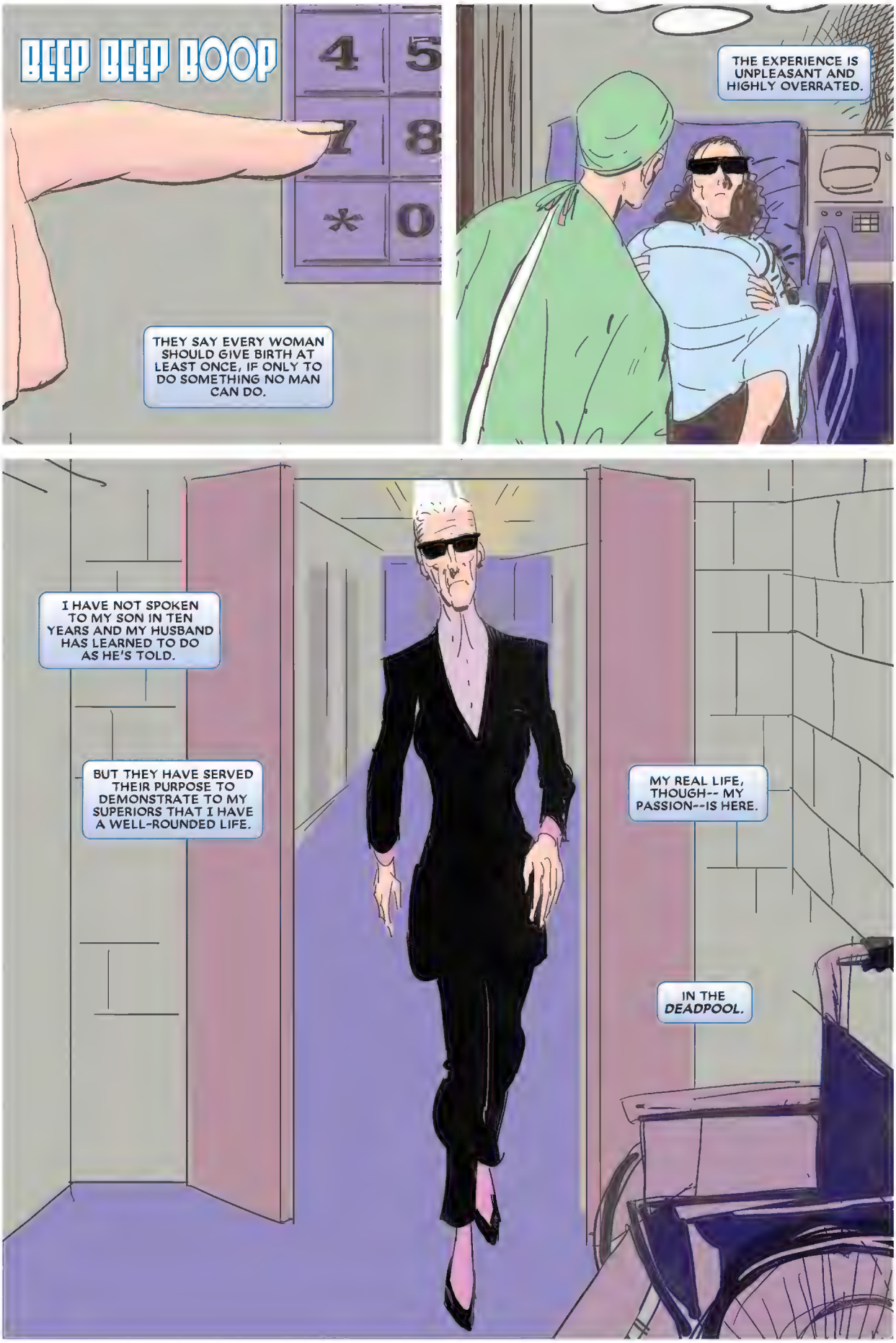
MY NAME IS ALTHEA WINIFRED SANDERSON.
PROFESSIONALLY, I AM KNOWN BY THE CODE NAME DESIGNATE *BLIND AL.*
THE NAME BEARS SOME IRONY AS I AM FAR FROM BLIND.
NEITHER BY MY TWENTY/TWENTY ACTUAL VISION OR BY INTUITION AND FORESIGHT.
IT IS MY BUSINESS TO KNOW THE WHO, WHAT, WHERE, WHY, AND WHEN OF EVERYTHING GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES THE WORLD OVER.
INTELLIGENC
I AM THE DIRECTOR OF THE MOST TOP-SECRET DEPARTMENT OF THE GREATEST INTELLIGENCE AGENCY THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.
THAT AGENCY WOULD BE THE C.I.A.
MY TOP-SECRET DEPARTMENT IS KNOW AS *THE DEADPOOL.*

IN THE 1960s, I HELPED MASTERMIND THE KILLINGS OF JOHN F. KENNEDY, BOBBY KENNEDY, MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., LEE HARVEY OSWALD, MALCOM X, HAMPTON AND CLARK, AND CHE GUEVARA.
AMONG OTHER LESSER KNOWNS.

IN THE SEVENTIES, KILLING EVERYONE WHO DISAGREED WITH YOU FELL OUT OF VOGUE.
OR MAYBE OUR LEADERS JUST BECAME NOT WORTH KILLING.

I HAD LENNON ELIMINATED IN 1980 JUST TO PROVE I STILL HAD IT.
ALSO, I NEVER FORGAVE HIM FOR NOT MARRYING ME.

MY PRIVATE LIFE IS NOT EXTENSIVE.
I AM MARRIED TO AN EASILY CONTROLLABLE MAN. I HAVE ONE SON.


BEEP BEEP BOOP
4
5
7
8
*
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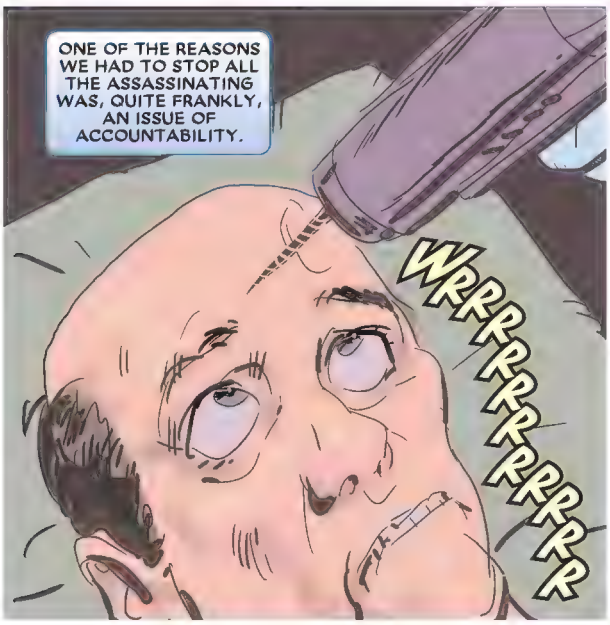
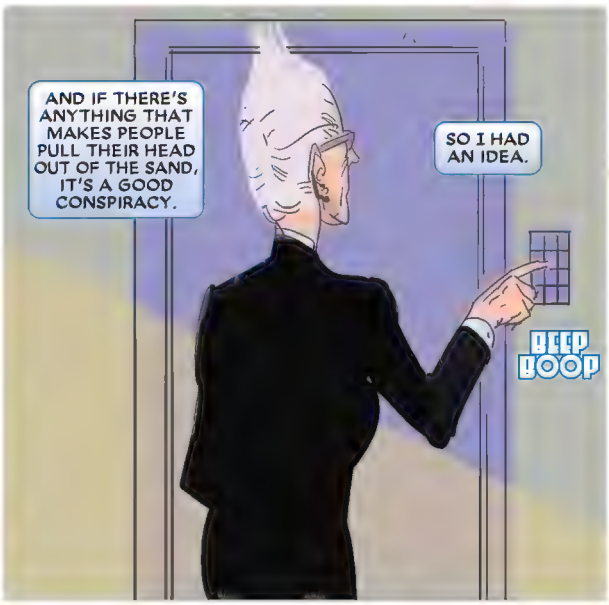
THEY SAY EVERY WOMAN SHOULD GIVE BIRTH AT LEAST ONCE, IF ONLY TO DO SOMETHING NO MAN CAN DO.
THE EXPERIENCE IS UNPLEASANT AND HIGHLY OVERRATED.
I HAVE NOT SPOKEN TO MY SON IN TEN YEARS AND MY HUSBAND HAS LEARNED TO DO AS HE'S TOLD.
BUT THEY HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE TO DEMONSTRATE TO MY SUPERIORS THAT I HAVE A WELL-ROUNDED LIFE.
MY REAL LIFE, THOUGH-- MY PASSION--IS HERE.
IN THE *DEADPOOL*.

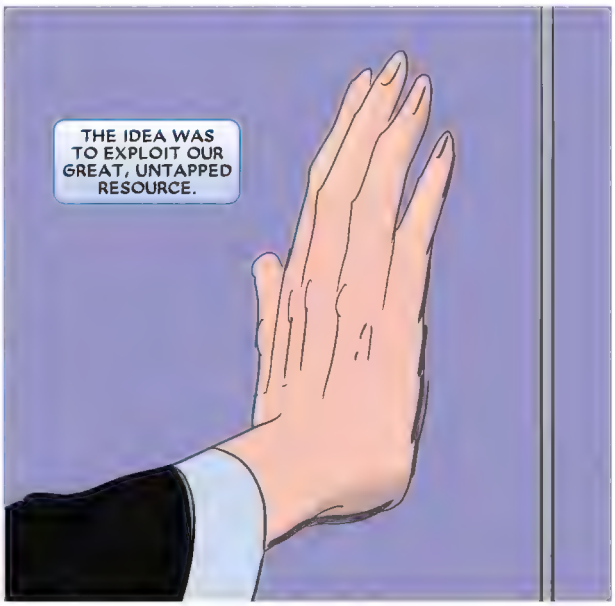
THIS PLACE IS MY MASTERPIECE.
MY *REAL* CHILD.

I CONCEIVED IT BACK IN '72...
...BUT IT WASN'T TILL REAGAN GOT WATER ON THE BRAIN IN '86 THAT I WAS ABLE TO MAKE IT A REALITY.


ONE OF THE REASONS WE HAD TO STOP ALL THE ASSASSINATING WAS, QUITE FRANKLY, AN ISSUE OF ACCOUNTABILITY.
WRRRRRRRRRRR

GOOD MORNING, BETTY.
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH A PATSY HERE AND THERE, BUT EVENTUALLY IT STARTS TO LOOK LIKE A CONSPIRACY.


AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT MAKES PEOPLE PULL THEIR HEAD OUT OF THE SAND, IT'S A GOOD CONSPIRACY.
SO I HAD AN IDEA.
BEEP
BOOP


THE IDEA WAS TO EXPLOIT OUR GREAT, UNTAPPED RESOURCE.

THE INSANE.
HELLO, WADE.
HOW ARE WE FEELING THIS MORNING?
NOBODY BLAMES THE INSANE FOR ANYTHING.
I FEEL VERY FINE THIS MORNING, MISS ALTHEA.
EVERYONE HERE IS SO NICE.
GOOD, GOOD. WADE. VERY GOOD.
GOOD MORNING, DIRECTOR.
AH...GOOD MORNING, DR. KILLABREW.
WADE WAS JUST TELLING ME HOW FINE HE WAS FEELING.
TELL ME, WADE. HOW IS YOUR DESIRE TO KILL THIS MORNING?
I WISH VERY MUCH TO KILL THIS MORNING.
WHO DO YOU WISH TO KILL, WADE? TELL ME WHO?
WHOEVER YOU TELL ME TO, MISS ALTHEA.

VERY GOOD, WADE.
OUR LAWS ARE DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE THE INSANE.
FOR MANY YEARS NOW, WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KILL WHOMEVER WE WANT WITH COMPLETE IMPUNITY.

SANATORIUMS ARE FILLED WITH OUR AGENTS BABBLING ON ABOUT WHATEVER THEY WANT.
NO ONE IS LISTENING.

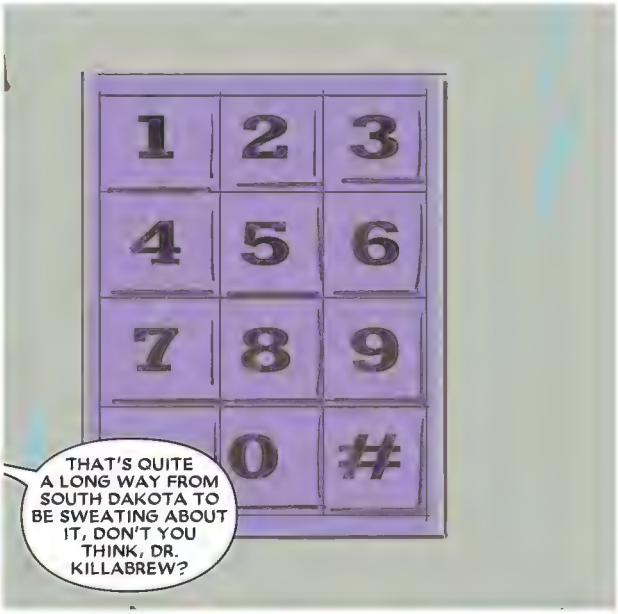
DIRECTOR, WE SHOULD DO THE SECURITY CHECK NOW.
DIRECTOR?

THERE'S NO CONSPIRACY. HE'S JUST A NUT YOU SEE?
I KNOW YOU SEE.

YES. SORRY. IS IT HOT IN HERE?
I'M FEELING A LITTLE FLUSH.

WITH BOB STILL ON THE LOOSE AND ROGUE AGENT CABLE VOWING TO DESTROY US, IT'S IMPORTANT TO REVIEW OUR SECURITY MEASURES...

RECENT REPORTS HAVE CABLE AND COLLEEN LIU SPOTTED IN THE D.C. AREA.


1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
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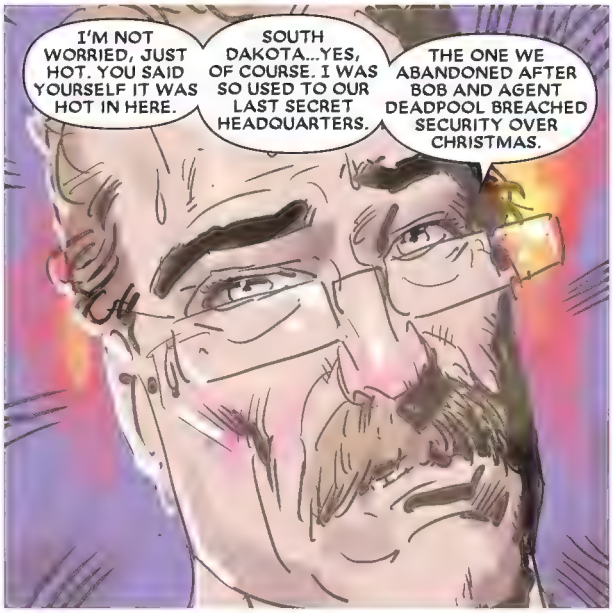
THAT'S QUITE A LONG WAY FROM SOUTH DAKOTA TO BE SWEATING ABOUT IT, DON'T YOU THINK, DR. KILLABREW?

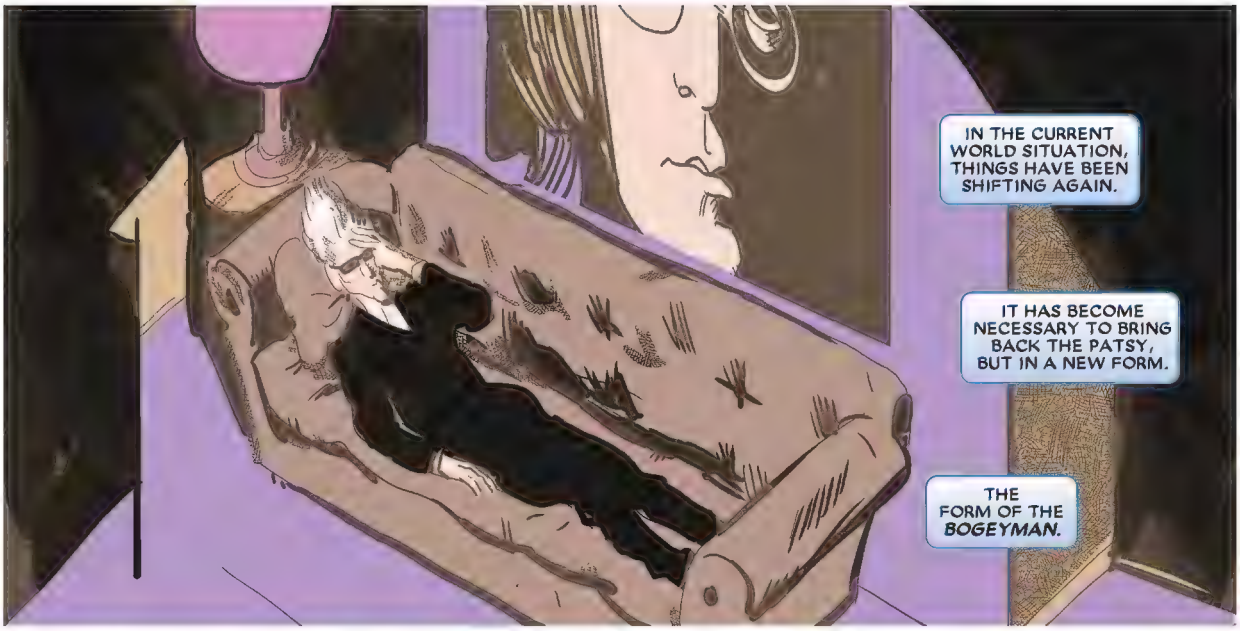

I'M NOT WORRIED, JUST HOT. YOU SAID YOURSELF IT WAS HOT IN HERE.
SOUTH DAKOTA...YES, OF COURSE. I WAS SO USED TO OUR LAST SECRET HEADQUARTERS.
THE ONE WE ABANDONED AFTER BOB AND AGENT DEADPOOL BREACHED SECURITY OVER CHRISTMAS.

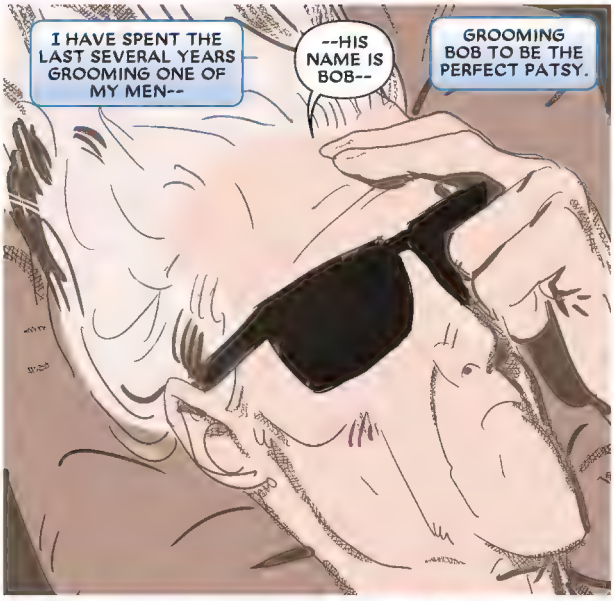
CABLE WILL BE RUNNING IN CIRCLES WHEN HE FINDS WE'RE GONE.
WHILE WE SIT BACK HERE, SAFELY HIDDEN AWAY BEHIND GEORGE WASHINGTON'S NOSE.
ARE YOU MAKING A JOKE, DOCTOR?

YOU KNOW HOW UPSET I WAS TO NOT GET THE RUSHMORE FACILITY.
LIKE THEY REALLY NEED A SECOND WHITE HOUSE. THEY NEVER USE IT.

SO WHERE ARE WE, THEN?
I MEAN, WHERE WE ARE IS NICE, TOO.
IF YOU LIKE ROCKS... ARE YOU FEELING OKAY, DOCTOR?

...PERHAPS IT'S ME.
YOU GO AHEAD AND RUN THE SECURITY CHECK WITHOUT ME, DR. KILLABREW.
I NEED TO LIE DOWN FOR A BIT.
SHIT.
TIME TO GO TO PLAN B.
HOW'S SHE DOING?
SO FAR, SIX ACCESS CODES AND I THINK WE'RE IN THE BADLANDS, BUT I'M NOT ONE-HUNDRED-PERCENT YET.
SECURITY?
DOCTOR?
NOT YET.
YOUR MUSTACHE IS...
SHIT. THANKS, WADE.


IN THE CURRENT WORLD SITUATION, THINGS HAVE BEEN SHIFTING AGAIN.
IT HAS BECOME NECESSARY TO BRING BACK THE PATSY, BUT IN A NEW FORM.
THE FORM OF THE BOGEYMAN.


I HAVE SPENT THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS GROOMING ONE OF MY MEN--
--HIS NAME IS BOB--
GROOMING BOB TO BE THE PERFECT PATSY.

AND NOW YOU SEE HIS FACE PLASTERED ALL OVER THE NEWS.
A HALF DOZEN DEATHS THAT SEEM RELATED TO HURRICANE IRA ARE NOW SUSPECTED TO BE THE WORK OF HYDRA BOB...
THE GREAT TERRORIST, BOB.

SOMETIMES I JUST LAUGH.
BOB.
HEH...

LONG INTO THE NIGHT.
HA HA HA BOB! HA HA HA
MY HEADACHE WENT RIGHT AWAY.

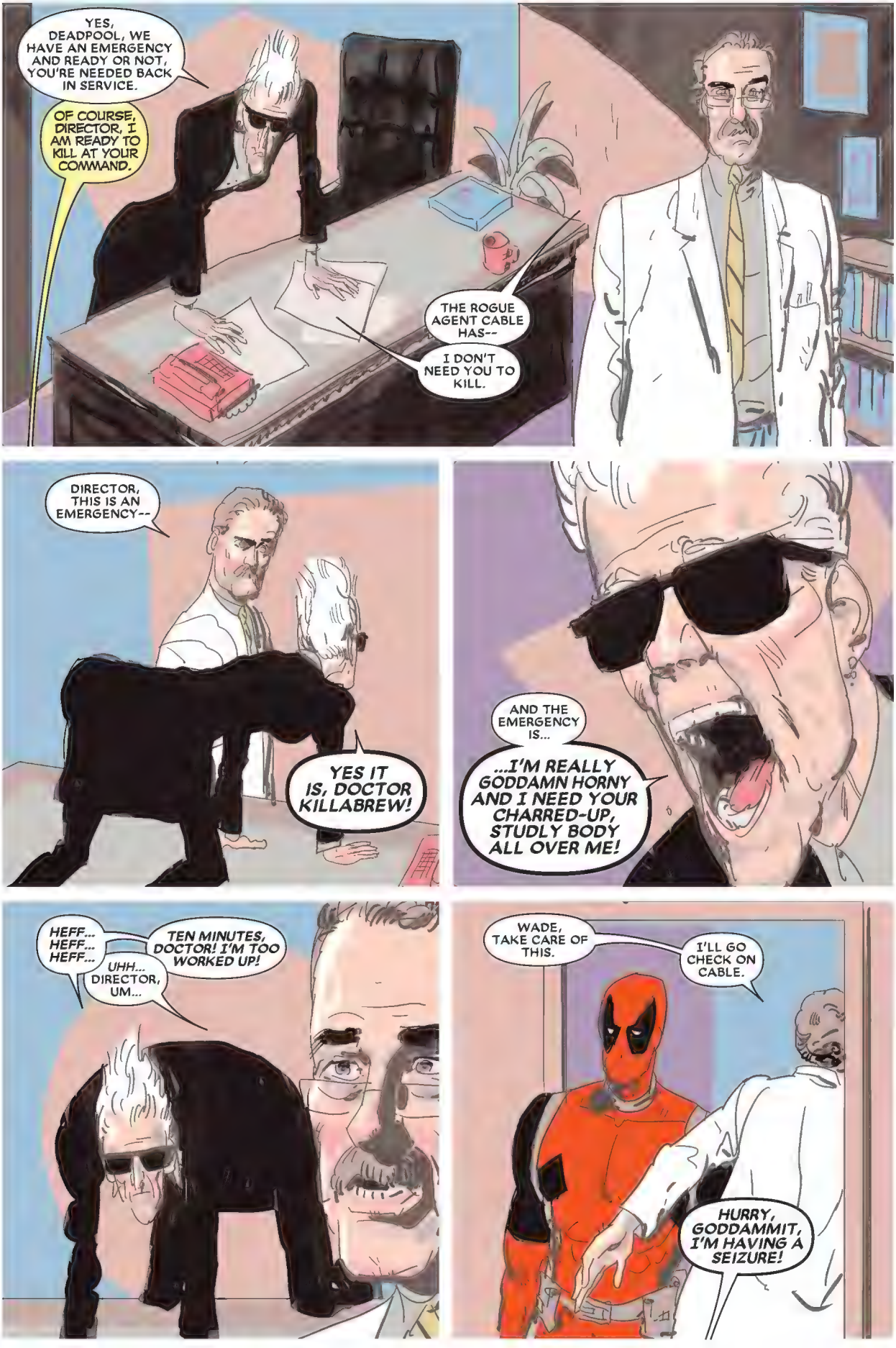
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP
DIRECTOR, WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY.
THE ROGUE AGENTS, CABLE AND COLLEEN LIU, HAVE BREACHED OUR SECURITY NET.

WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP
HUNH? WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
SOMEHOW THEY'VE FOUND OUR SECRET LOCATION...IN THE BADLANDS.
DID I FALL ASLEEP?

IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD THEY FIND US HERE?
WE NEED TO GET YOU DOWN TO SECURITY, QUICKLY!
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT WITH ME.

SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
NO.
BRING ME DEADPOOL!

YOU SENT FOR ME, DIRECTOR?


YES, DEADPOOL, WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY AND READY OR NOT, YOU'RE NEEDED BACK IN SERVICE.
OF COURSE, DIRECTOR, I AM READY TO KILL AT YOUR COMMAND.
THE ROGUE AGENT CABLE HAS--
I DON'T NEED YOU TO KILL.
DIRECTOR, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY--
YES IT IS, DOCTOR KILLABREW!
AND THE EMERGENCY IS...
...I'M REALLY GODDAMN HORNY AND I NEED YOUR CHARRED-UP, STUDLY BODY ALL OVER ME!
HEFF... HEFF... HEFF...
UHH... DIRECTOR, UM...
TEN MINUTES, DOCTOR! I'M TOO WORKED UP!
WADE, TAKE CARE OF THIS.
I'LL GO CHECK ON CABLE.
HURRY, GODDAMMIT, I'M HAVING A SEIZURE!

GODDAMMIT... THIS IS BULLSHIT. COMPLETE...
NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME THIS TIME, EVIL-DOERS!
WHEN I LEFT, I SWORE I WOULD MAKE YOU PAY, AND HERE I HAVE RETURNED TO CARRY OUT MY TERRIBLE VENGEANCE!
GIVE UP BLIND AL, AND WE MAY SPARE YOUR WORTHLESS LIVES, CAPITALIST PIGS!
HOLD UP! HOLD UP!
NOT UNTIL THE DEADPOOL PROJECT IS OUTED BEFORE THE WORLD COMMUNITY, AND ITS EVIL LEADERS BROUGHT TO TRIAL!
NO, REALLY! BLIND AL'S...NOT RECEPTIVE...AT THE MOMENT.
WADE'S... *TALKING* TO HER NOW. SHE JUST NEEDS A FEW MINUTES.

IS SHE GIVING UP THE LOCATION AND SECURITY CODES OF THE DEADPOOL PROJECT?
WHY ARE WE STOPPED?
WE'VE GOT THE DOORS AND A LOCATION--GENERAL LOCATION, BUT NOT THE SECURITY HUB ACCESS.
BECAUSE, RIGHT NOW, SHE'S "GIVING UP" SOMETHING ELSE.
OH... I SEE.
SOMEHOW YOU'VE SCREWED THIS UP.
I SCREWED THIS UP?! THIS WAS YOUR DAMN PLAN, MR. FUTURE MAN.
I THINK THIS IS THE PART WHERE I TWIST YOUR HEAD OFF AND FEED IT TO YOUR BACKSIDE.
ONCE SHE FINDS OUT YOU'RE DECEIVING HER, SHE'LL BE GLAD YOU'RE DEAD AND MIGHT BE MORE FORTHCOMING.
STOP IT, BOTH OF YOU.
REMEMBER, WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME TEAM.
IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT.
I NEVER DOUBTED YOU. NOT REALLY.
IF YOU KISS HER, I'LL--
DON'T BE SO SHOCKED, FUTURE MAN. YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S COMING.

HELLO?
ARE WE ALL RIGHT?
I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER.
DID I JUST HAVE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WITH AGENT DEADPOOL?
DIRECTOR?
YES?
NOTHING.
WHY WOULD I DO SUCH A THING?
CAN I OPEN MY EYES?
YES, AND PUT ON YOUR PANTS. WE NEED YOU TO KILL AGENT CABLE BEFORE HE CUTS BLIND AL'S HEAD OFF.
WILL DO!
SUDDENLY, THINGS WERE BECOMING VERY CLEAR...
THERE WAS A CONSPIRACY AFOOT.
QUICKLY, DIRECTOR, GET DRESSED. WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO A HIGH SECURITY AREA.

IT'S A VERY GOOD CONSPIRACY, BUT I AM THE MASTER OF SUCH THINGS AND CAN SEE THERE IS DECEPTION.
SWASHH WASHHH
COME, DIRECTOR, QUICKLY.
DR. KILLABREW IS CLEARLY THE MASTERMIND.
THOUGH I NEVER TOOK HIM FOR MUCH MORE THAN A BOOKWORM.
I MUST PLAY ALONG UNTIL THE OPPORTUNITY TO TURN THE TABLES REVEALS ITSELF.
BEEP BOOP BEEP BOOP
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
* 0 #

NOW! I MUST ACT QUICKLY!
KILLABREW IS DISTRACTED.
SHE'S DONE IT!

STRIKE HIM. USE YOUR SHOE.
OUCH!
DAMN!

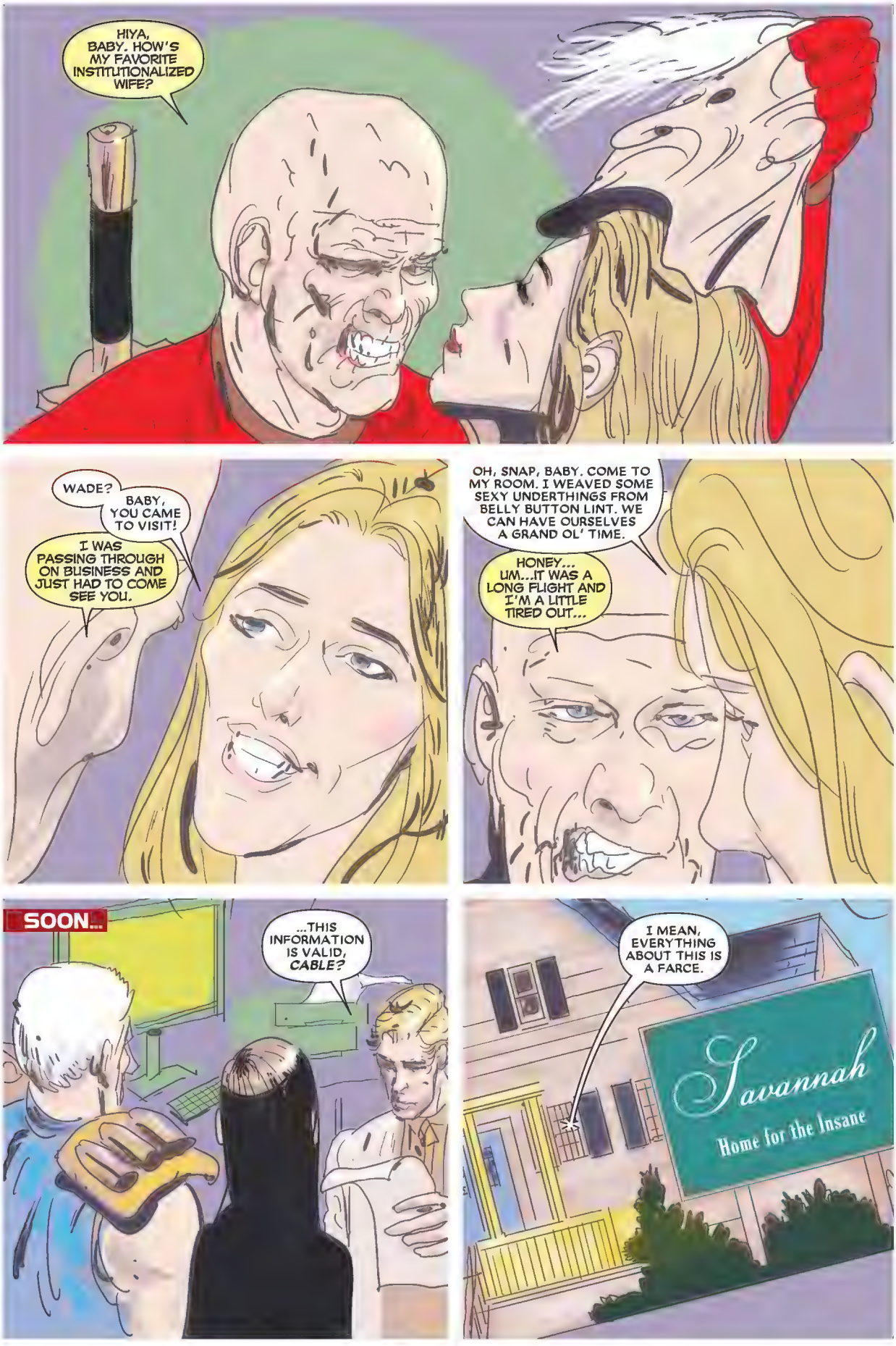
ONCE BELOW, YOU CAN MARSHAL YOUR AGENTS AND RETURN TO KILL THEM ALL.
YOU OKAY, BOB? THAT ONE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN LESSER CRAZIES.
BE THANKFUL SHE DIDN'T SQUEEZE YOU WITH HER THIGHS.
CABLE, STOP SHOVING.
KEEP BACK, COLLEEN. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A BLOW TO THE HEAD COULD DO TO AN IDIOT LIKE THAT.

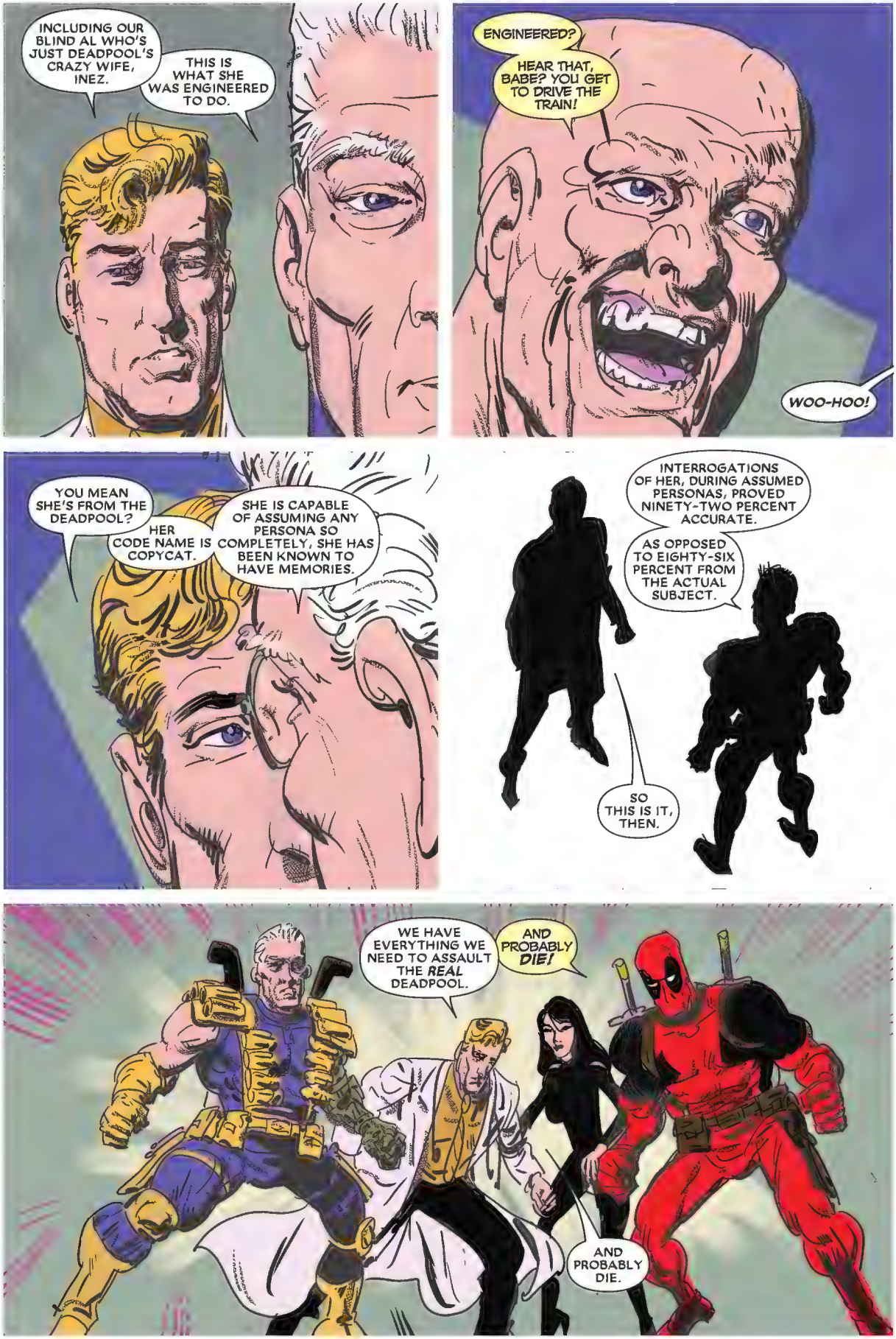
OH, STOP.
SWEETHEART, ARE YOU OKAY?
IF SHE BRAINED YOU OR MARRED YOUR PERFECTLY SYMMETRICAL FEATURES, I'LL KILL HER DEAD, I SWEAR!
MMMPH! MMMM!

I'M FINE, MY LOVE. WE HAVE THE CODES.
BUT WE HAVE TO FIND AL. IN HER STATE, SHE COULD HURT ALMOST ANYONE.

INCLUDING YOU, TERRORIST.
THERE THEY ARE, MY INSANE KILLERS. DO WHAT I MADE YOU TO DO. KILL THE TRAITORS! KILL THE DECEIVERS! KILL EVERYONE NOT NAMED ME!
AND ALSO THE ONE IN THE RED SUIT. HURT HIS CLOTHES BUT LEAVE HIS LEATHERY, POCKED MANFLESH TO ME!
HYDRA BOB! I KNEW IT. THAT MORON SHOULD KNOW HE CAN'T DEFEAT ME.
I WILL OVERWHELM THEM WITH NUMBERS.
UH... CABLE...?
THEIR PLANS WILL MATTER NOT WHEN THEY ARE ALL DEAD.
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? THESE PEOPLE ARE SICK, NOT EVIL.
I AM SUPPOSED TO KILL THEM BECAUSE I WANT TO LIVE. YOU FOLLOW YOUR CONSCIENCE.

AND THE RED ONE IS MY LUSCIOUS SEX SLAVE.
ALLEY OOP!
NO, NO. THIS IS INCORRECT THINKING.
I KNOW YOU.
HI.
LENNON WAS A DISTRACTION AND HAD TO GO.
SO THIS ONE TOO MUST DIE.
DIE.
DIE.
DIE.
DIE.
DIE.
WHY WON'T HE DIE?!
DON'T I HAVE PSYCHIC POWERS?

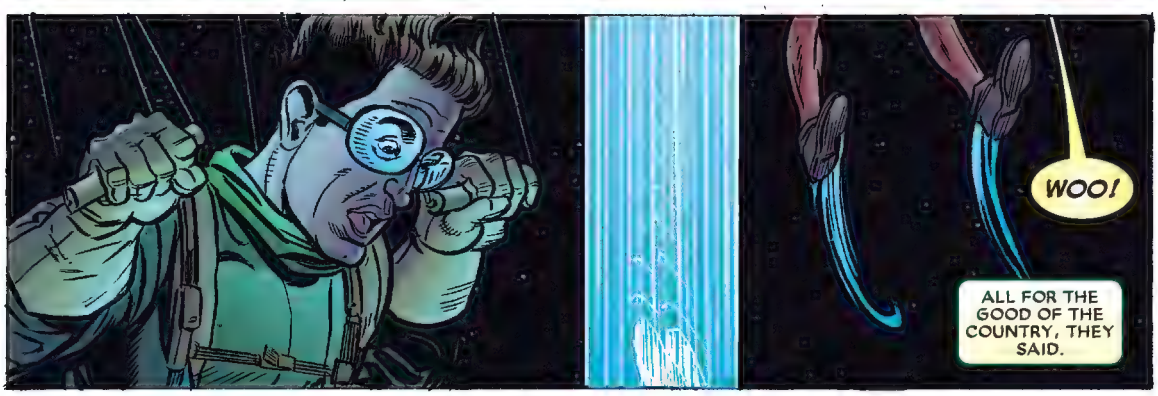

HIYA, BABY. HOW'S MY FAVORITE INSTITUTIONALIZED WIFE?
WADE?
BABY, YOU CAME TO VISIT!
I WAS PASSING THROUGH ON BUSINESS AND JUST HAD TO COME SEE YOU.
OH, SNAP, BABY. COME TO MY ROOM. I WEAVED SOME SEXY UNDERTHINGS FROM BELLY BUTTON LINT. WE CAN HAVE OURSELVES A GRAND OL' TIME.
HONEY... UM...IT WAS A LONG FLIGHT AND I'M A LITTLE TIRED OUT...
SOON...
...THIS INFORMATION IS VALID, CABLE?
I MEAN, EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS IS A FARCE.
Savannah
Home for the Insane


INCLUDING OUR BLIND AL WHO'S JUST DEADPOOL'S CRAZY WIFE, INEZ.
THIS IS WHAT SHE WAS ENGINEERED TO DO.
ENGINEERED?
HEAR THAT, BABE? YOU GET TO DRIVE THE TRAIN!
WOO-HOO!
YOU MEAN SHE'S FROM THE DEADPOOL?
HER CODE NAME IS COPYCAT.
SHE IS CAPABLE OF ASSUMING ANY PERSONA SO COMPLETELY, SHE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO HAVE MEMORIES.
INTERROGATIONS OF HER, DURING ASSUMED PERSONAS, PROVED NINETY-TWO PERCENT ACCURATE.
AS OPPOSED TO EIGHTY-SIX PERCENT FROM THE ACTUAL SUBJECT.
SO THIS IS IT, THEN.
WE HAVE EVERYTHING WE NEED TO ASSAULT THE REAL DEADPOOL.
AND PROBABLY DIE!
AND PROBABLY DIE.

SEX AND VIOLENCE ALL IN ONE COMIC? THIS I GOTTA SEE!
E HELPED SSASSINATE RLD LEADERS, ICAL AGITATORS, MINAL BOSSES...

IT HAD BEEN A LONG JOURNEY.
MMMMMMMM
ONE OF THOSE "HOW THE HELL DID I GET HERE FROM THERE?" TYPE TRIPS.
A FEW YEARS AGO, IT SEEMS, I WAS IN COLLEGE.
A FEW YEARS AGO, I HAD A BRIGHT FUTURE.
ZZZZZ
MMMMMMMM
NOW, OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND AMERICANS ARE DEAD.
AND THEIR BLOOD IS ON MY HANDS.
DID I DO IT? NO.
BUT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER?
I'VE HELPED ASSASSINATE WORLD LEADERS, POLITICAL AGITATORS, CRIMINAL BOSSES...

...YOU NAME IT.
YAAHHOO!

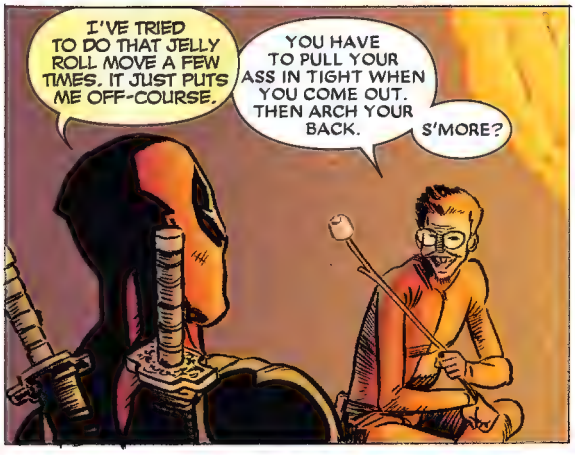

WOO!
ALL FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY, THEY SAID.

THE TRUTH WAS, THOUGH, I NEVER DEBATED WHAT WAS "GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY."
I DID IT ALL BECAUSE I WAS TOLD TO.
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA

SO SHOULD I BE SURPRISED THEY SET ME UP?
NO. I DON'T REALLY HAVE THAT RIGHT.

I CAN BE PISSED THOUGH.
HA HA HA HA
RIGHT OR WRONG, A MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO BE PISSED AT WHATEVER THE HELL HE WANTS TO.

I'M READY TO UNLEASH A CAN OF WHOOP-ASS ON THE FUCKERS THAT SET ME UP--
THAT WAS SOME FINE FALLING, WEASEL, MY FRIEND.
I DO A LITTLE STUNT DIVING ON THE SIDE.
SHHH. DEADPOOL. WEASEL. QUIET, BOTH OF YOU.
--IF I CAN OVERCOME CERTAIN HANDICAPS.
GRAHM


I'VE TRIED TO DO THAT JELLY ROLL MOVE A FEW TIMES. IT JUST PUTS ME OFF-COURSE.
YOU HAVE TO PULL YOUR ASS IN TIGHT WHEN YOU COME OUT. THEN ARCH YOUR BACK.
S'MORE?

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU TWO THINK YOU'RE DOING?
WE'RE HALF A MILE AWAY FROM A TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION, AND YOU TWO ARE GABBING IT UP LIKE GIRL SCOUTS!
AND PUT OUT THAT FIRE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

S'MORE?

I'LL TAKE ONE.
TASKMASTER! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SHOW.
OF COURSE I'D COME. THESE GOVERNMENT FOOLS HAVE BEEN DOGGING ME FOR MONTHS.
I LUV S'MORES. YEE-HAW!

BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF OUR OLD CAMPER SCOUT DAYS, EH, WADE?
IF YOU WERE A GOOD SON, YOU'D EAT THAT CHOCOLATE TREAT OFF MY NAVEL.
DON'T GET ME STARTED, "MOMMY."

WELL, IF YOU WERE A GOOD MOM, YOU'D...
...DISCOURAGE ME FROM DOING THAT.

YES, I'M A VERY BAD MOM. SUE ME.
OR SPANK ME.

STOP IT.
WET FISH.

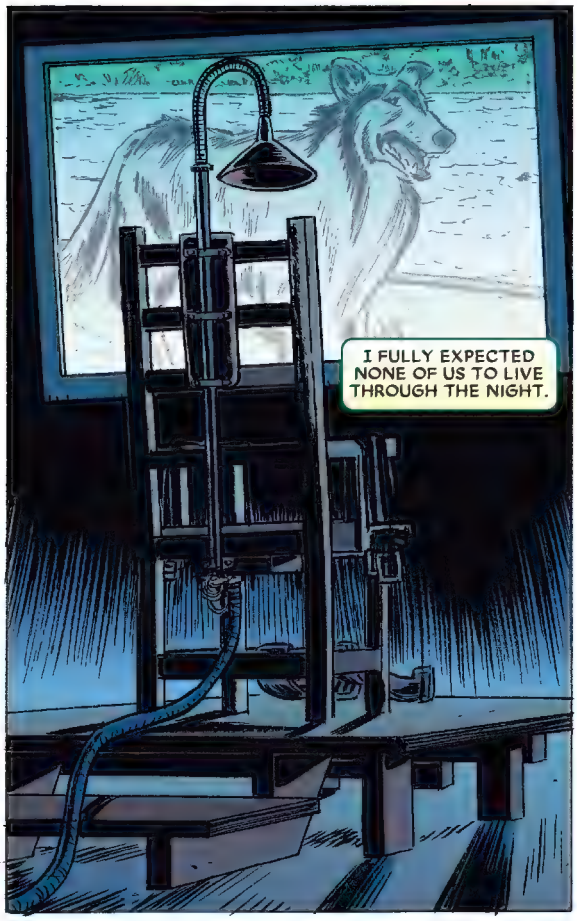
I SEE WE TAKE THIS MISSION AS SERIOUS AS EVERYTHING ELSE WE FUCK UP, ACTION OFFICER BOB.
CABLE, WE AGREED. NO FIGHTING.
COLLEEN!
COME HERE AND STICK YOUR TONGUE DOWN MY THROAT IN FRONT OF THIS OVERSIZED ROTO-ROOTER.
BOB, WHAT'S GOING ON? THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A *SECRET* MISSION.
AHH...WELL, THIS IS OUR COVER.
JUST A BUNCH OF CAMPERS...
...IN FUNNY CLOTHES.

YOU HAVE THE CODES?
I GOT THEM.
V
X
LV
II
XX
VI
M
WE'RE IN.
SWEET.
I'LL TAKE THE ONE ON THE RIGHT.
I GOT THE OTHER TWENTY.
SLICE AND DICE.
COL? WHO THE FUCK ARE THEY?
OUR ARMY.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A BEEF AGAINST THIS PLACE.
I WAS REALIZING THIS WAS ALL GOING COMPLETELY OUT OF MY CONTROL.
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE JUST COME WITH WADE.
BUT THIS WAS TOO MAJOR.
WE'RE ASSAULTING A TOP SECRET UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FACILITY.
THE TOP SECRET FACILITY.
THE DEADPOOL.

THE DEADPOOL BUILDS THE KILLER ELITE.
THEY MADE WADE INTO *DEADPOOL.*

THEY MADE *CABLE.*
THEY MADE WADE'S PSYCHOTIC SIBYL OF A WIFE, *COPYCAT.*

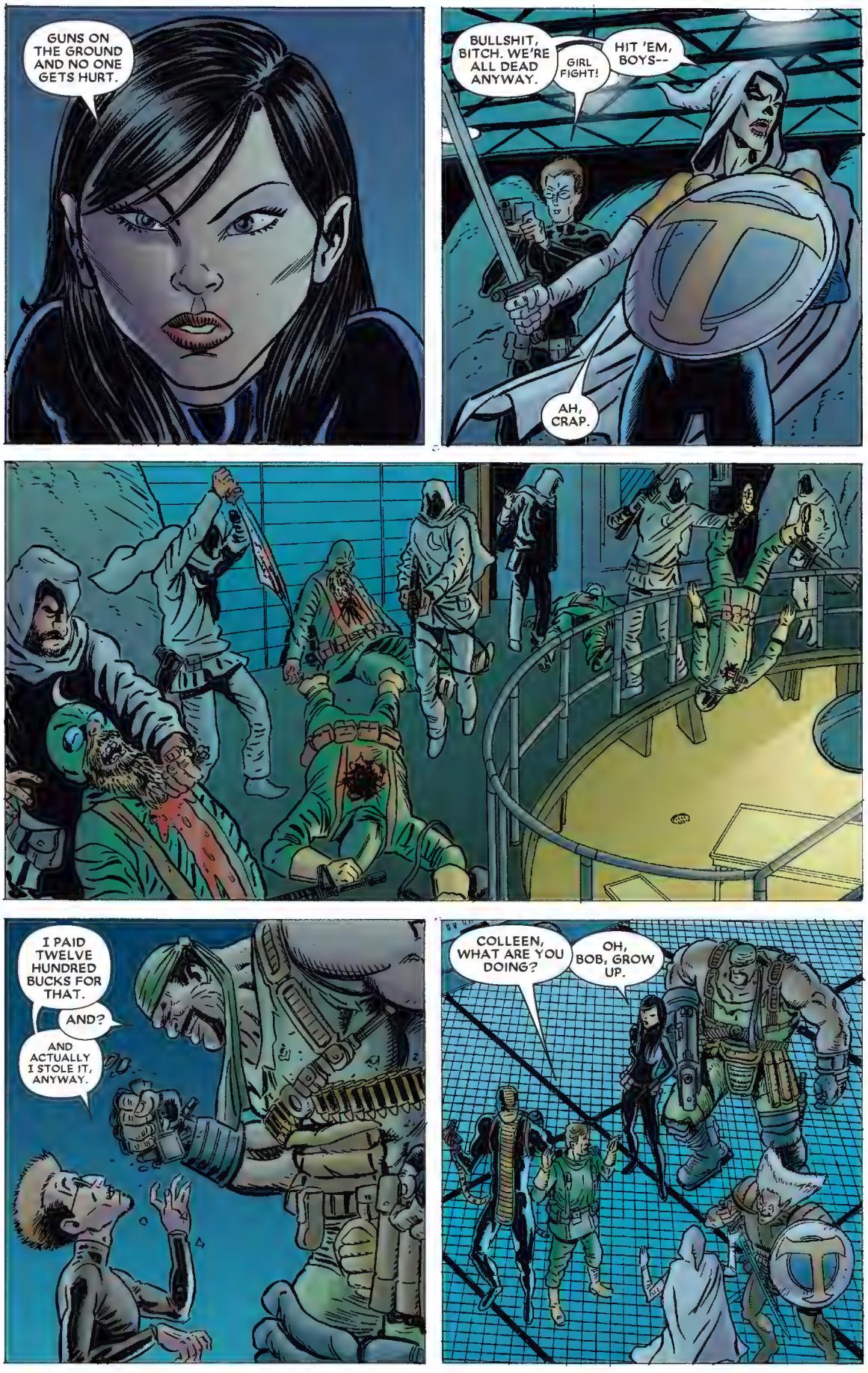

I FULLY EXPECTED NONE OF US TO LIVE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DID *THAT* MATTER? WHAT DID I HAVE TO LOSE?
I'VE BEEN A DEAD MAN SINCE THEY SET ME UP, ANYWAY.

BOOP BOOP BEEP
OLD HOME WEEK.
JESUS, I HAD NEVER IMAGINED THIS.
A *LOT* OF THINGS, BUT NOT *THIS.*

WEASEL, I WANT VIDEO OF ALL OF THIS.
WHY IS THERE NO ONE HERE?
I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE WE SET OFF AN ALARM.
YOU DO VIDEO TOO? YOU ROCK.
MOSTLY WEDDINGS.
ON THE SIDE.
MAYBE WE'VE BEEN SET UP. THIS IS BAD JUJU.
YEAH...LET'S SET THE CHARGES AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
COLLEEN. CRACK OUT THE EXPLOSIVES--
WHERE THE FUCK IS COLLEEN?
I LOVE HER, WADE. I CANNOT BETRAY HER.
SO, THIS IS IT THEN, EH, BIG GUY?
SHHT
I'M AFRAID SO.

I WILL NOT LAY DOWN FOR YOU.
HA! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY NOW.
AHHK--
HURKK--
DEADPOOL, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
BOB!
COLLEEN, WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?
WAKE UP, DUMBASS. YOU'VE BEEN PLAYED.
ZZT
STAND DOWN, BOB.


GUNS ON THE GROUND AND NO ONE GETS HURT.
BULLSHIT, BITCH. WE'RE ALL DEAD ANYWAY.
GIRL FIGHT!
HIT 'EM, BOYS--
AH, CRAP.
I PAID TWELVE HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THAT.
AND?
AND ACTUALLY I STOLE IT, ANYWAY.
COLLEEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH, BOB, GROW UP.

WUNNFF--
YOU STILL ON BOARD FOR ME WINNING THIS TIME, BIG GUY?

I MEAN, NOT THAT IT MATTERS.

KRASH

I FORESAW THE INEVITABLE.

THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME BACK HOME.
FORESAW, THE INEVITABLE!

AGENT DEADPOOL! STOP IT! STOP THAT!
YET I FIGHT THE FUTURE.
WE CAN END THIS HERE AND ROLL ONE.
SKRAK
GNNN--
NO... NOT THIS TIME...
YOU'LL BURY ME--
--IN "A HOLE IN ITALY."
I REMEMBER.

I'M GUESSING YOU ALL ARE NOT HAPPY ABOUT THIS?
AND SO THAT'S IT. WE FAILED.

YOU BASTARD. YOU SON OF A BITCH. YOU ALWAYS FUCK EVERYTHING UP!

CAN IT, SISTER. YOU KNEW HOW THIS WAS GONNA SHAKE DOWN.
THE BIG GUY LOVED YOU.

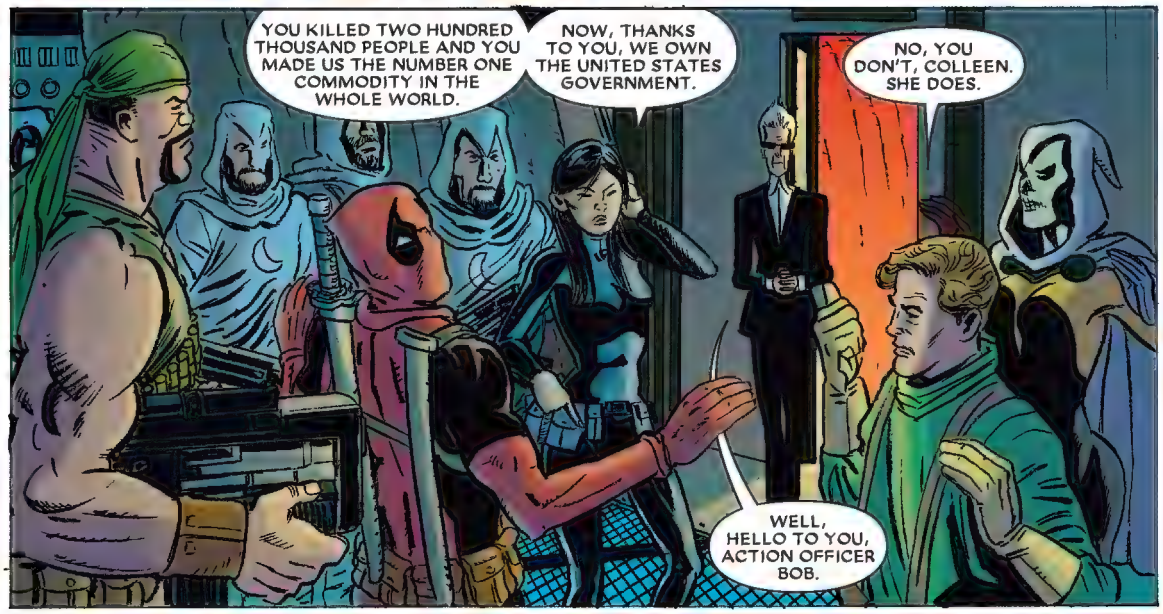
BUT HE COULDN'T STAND BY AND WATCH YOU TURN GREEN.
TIK--

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, COLLEEN? YOU USED TO HAVE IDEALS. YOU WANTED TO HELP THE OPPRESSED!
WHERE DID THAT GET ME? HUNTED? ON THE RUN? DOING INTERNET PORN?
BANGING MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL WITH NO RESOURCES TO HELP ANYBODY.

"I WAS NO DIFFERENT THAN A NAKED COLLEGE HIPPY SINGING KUMBAYA WITH MY GUITAR."
PEACE

NOW WHAT, BOB? NOW I'M A TERRORIST, YOU SAY? NO. NOW THE GOVERNMENT--*THIS* GOVERNMENT--NEEDS ME.
BECAUSE I'M *MONEY*. AND MONEY TALKS.

NOW *I* SET POLICY. *I* CONTROL WHERE AID GOES. *I* FUNNEL TRILLIONS IN TAXPAYER DOLLARS TO THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY NEED IT.
AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU.


YOU KILLED TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE AND YOU MADE US THE NUMBER ONE COMMODITY IN THE WHOLE WORLD.
NOW, THANKS TO YOU, WE OWN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.
NO, YOU DON'T, COLLEEN. SHE DOES.
WELL, HELLO TO YOU, ACTION OFFICER BOB.

DON'T YOU SEE? IT'S JUST LIKE IT WAS BEFORE.
YOU'RE JUST WORKING FOR BLIND AL AGAIN.
OH, I BEG TO DIFFER. I AM A HUMBLE PUBLIC SERVANT, AS I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN.
A TOOL FOR HIGHER POWERS. J. EDGAR. TRICKY DICK. AND NOW COLLEEN LIU.
SEE, BOB. IT *IS* DIFFERENT.
COLLEEN DIDN'T GET IT, BLIND AL SAT IN THE CATBIRD SEAT AS SHE ALWAYS DID.
SHE'D JUST SHUFFLED THE NAMES.
SO, YOU HAVE THE GUNS, YOU HAVE MY GIRLFRIEND WRAPPED AROUND YOUR LIVER-SPOTTED OLD FINGER...WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WE'VE INVESTED HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN YOU FOUR--
--AND THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS NOT ABOUT WASTING ITS INVESTMENTS.
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IS YOU'RE ALL GOING TO GO BACK TO DOING YOUR DAMN JOBS.

TWO WEEKS LATER...
WADE!
WADE! TIME TO GET UP.
WE GOT A MISSION!
ENRIQUE SOBAR. THIRD LARGEST COCAINE SMUGGLER ON THE EAST COAST.
WHICH WAS ALL WELL AND GOOD UNTIL HE ADDED PIRACY AND KILLED THE SON OF THE C.E.O. OF McDONNER'S RESTAURANTS WHEN HE BOARDED HIS PRIVATE YACHT OFF BERMUDA.
EVERYONE NEEDS TO BE GOOD AT SOMETHING.
YAWN
WADE?
I NEED YOUR ATTENTION, BUDDY.
I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD TO KILL DRUG DEALERS AND PIRATES TODAY, BOB. I'M SAD.
SAD ABOUT WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW. SOMETHING ABOUT ITALY.

"WHAT ABOUT ITALY, WADE?"
"IT'S SHAPED LIKE A BOOT, RIGHT?"
"THAT'S TRUE, WADE."
"YEAH... I HOPE I DID RIGHT."
TIK-
TODAY, BOB, I THINK I'LL TOAST A FEW FOR AN OLD FRIEND.
THEN I WANT TO GET REALLY DRUNK, DRESS LIKE A CLOWN, AND GO DOWN TO CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. THAT'S ALWAYS FUN.
BZZZZZ
"OH...OKAY, WADE..."
TIK
TIK
TIK
TIK

...UM...
...I'LL JUST TELL CONTROL TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO TAKE ON HYDRA--
HYDRA!
THE DREAD SNAKE, EH?
I'LL GET MY GUNS!
AND WITH THAT, WE HAD COME KIND OF FULL CIRCLE.
WADE WAS BACK TO KILLING, AND I WAS BACK TO HANDLING.
OUR NEW MASTERS HAD US DOING THE SAME SHIT AS OUR OLD MASTERS, AND...
TIK
TIK
TIK
AND...
heh
...
TIK
TIK
TIK
TIK
TIK
...I GUESS THERE ISN'T AN "AND."
THAT'S HOW THESE SPY GAMES GO.
AND THE BEAT GOES ON...

What you just read was the final issue of Deadpool MAX. That's it. Hope you enjoyed it but we're donezo. No miraculous recovery at the 11th hour, no James Bond-ian "Wade Wilson will return in..." final page, no post-credit sequence starring Sam Jackson to geek out over. I know it's sad. If you want, you may bury your face in this final page, lest anyone in the bus station toilet you're probably reading this in see you crying over a comic.

For our part let me say that David, Kyle, Shawn, Lee, Clayton, Jordan and I had an absolute blast working on Wade's really disturbing adventures every month. It is a rare comic that allowed us to scratch pretty much every odd creative itch we had and we have a lot of itches (we're very sick people). And you all kept coming back for more! So what we wanted to say is "Thank you."

Thank you for helping us make a cynical, profane, violent and kinda pervy comic month after month because, in case you didn't notice, we really like doing this.

So please keep Wade and Bob in your hearts and minds and remember: If you find yourself at a moral crossroads just ask yourselves W.W.DP&HB.D.?

...and then do the exact opposite.

Cheers all.

Sebastian Girner
February 2012

The deranged duo returns!

Marvel's most mentally misaligned misanthrope, Deadpool, returns in a gloriously raw, uncensored shoot-'em-up romp across America with his good buddy Hydra Bob, a boatload of explosives, enough military-grade weaponry to sink your battleship and a cocktail of mood-altering pharmaceuticals. When Bob is framed for a terrorist act on American soil and hunted by the U.S. government, he and his best friend Deadpool go on the run in a heartfelt, soul-searching journey full of sex, drugs and unnecessary excessive violence! Familiar friends and foes including Taskmaster, Cable, Agent X, Weasel and Blind Al join the bosom buddies on their sanity-smashing adventure as Deadpool helps his pal Bob try to clear his not-so-good name.

Plus: Christmastime is here again, and Hydra Bob and Deadpool have a gift you'll never forget!

Collecting *Deadpool MAX 2 #1-6* and *Deadpool MAX X-Mas Special* — written by David Lapham (*Terror, Inc.*; *Giant-Size Wolverine*); and illustrated by Lapham, Kyle Baker (*Truth: Red, White & Black*) and Shawn Crystal (*Deadpool, Deadpool Team-Up*).